

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

MARCH 14, 1960

America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS



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AIRLINES

Cover: Family feeling ▶

Bowling alleys of today are clean, bright and modern, and the sport's strong appeal to the family trade has made it one of the country's most popular activities (see page 50).

Photograph by Richard Mink

Next week



▶ **Maurice (The Rocket)**
Richard leads Montreal toward its fifth straight Stanley Cup. A portrait of a proud and brooding champion whose greatest adversary now is age.

▶ **Photographer Richard Mink**
captures in color the serene charms which has made the South Carolina town of Aiken an ideal honeymoon resort for more than 16 years.

▶ **How do Negroes in baseball**
like the game, the fans, white players—each other? Is an unprecedented report Robert Boyle provides the answers to these and other questions.

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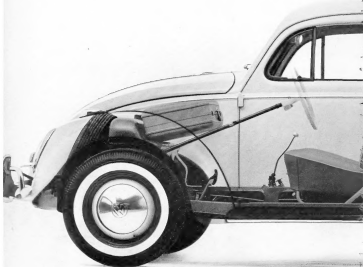
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(1) No water to boil over or freeze

The engine is air-cooled, an astonishing advantage when you think about it. No water to boil over in the summer. No water to freeze in the winter. No anti-freeze. No radiator problems. No radiator, period.

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(2) 32 miles per gallon and fun to drive

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That's on regular gas, of course. Regular American gas is like super high-test to a VW, with its compression ratio of only 6.6.

The car is great fun to drive, agile and highly responsive, with one of the smoothest stick shifts in the business. It's 4 feet shorter than conventional cars, yet holds 4 adults with a surprising amount of leg room in the front. (More than many of the big cars.)

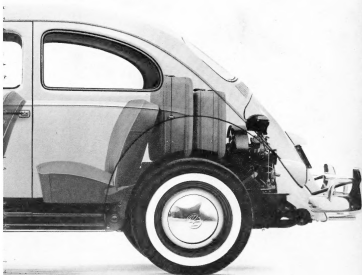
(3) Torsion bar suspension holds the road

VW is the car that pioneered torsion bar suspension, the development you've been reading so much about. It gives you uneasy control over rough roads (no bump-bump-bump). And the new anti-dive bar eliminates swing and sway on curves.

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(4) Doesn't go out of style

The Volkswagen was conceived as one functional unit, not as a collection of features. Every line of the car belongs. The famous beetle shape, for instance, has a



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looking into a Volkswagen?

great deal to do with the VW's low wind resistance and road-holding characteristics. The under side, which is flat, smooth and completely enclosed, has much less drag than an open-bottomed car.

Obviously, this is a classic design that is not to be changed just for the sake of change. The Volkswagen you buy today will remain in style long after other cars have come and gone.

(5) 2500 VWs a day; 3000 inspectors

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(6) Service is fast, economical, everywhere

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CIRO

MEMO from the publisher

NOT so long ago, if he wasn't going to be a locomotive engineer, I suppose in the heart of every American boy lay the wish to be a ball-player. As he grew up and perhaps became neither, the thought then occurred that it wouldn't be had to be a sportswriter, particularly at this time of year.

More than a few non-engineers on SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's staff are out now in behalf of the last alternative—Roy Terrell, Walter Bingham, Roger Williams and others—pushing the palm fronds out of the way in Florida, dodging Gila monsters in Arizona and, not incidentally, gathering spring training's news.

Just before that news takes over there seems to be a moment when baseball breathes deep and looks at where it is going in the coming season, and where it has been in the seasons past.

In the seasons since the war, although its geography has altered and the minor leagues have waned, nothing has so changed the professional game as the breaking of the color line. The place of the Negro in baseball is now taken for granted.

This is a fact with odd implications because there has been little or no reporting of what that place actually is. So next week, before actual play takes the spotlight, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Writer Robert Boyle, who has been hard at work on the

prospect all winter, makes his report—the first of its kind—on what it means to be a Negro in baseball. It is an account of what is probably the most interesting group in sports and of the groups within that group. It is an insight into a world not visible to the fan who looks at the playing



ROBERT BOYLE

field and, more than that, not visible to many of those upon it. It is a perspective on men who live a private life in the public eye.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED considers it one of the most important articles it has ever published.

It is also, I think you'll find, an example of what our editors and writers constantly seek—to add to the events of sport a depth of understanding which makes the score only the last chapter in a fully told story.

Arthur Murphy

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SCOREBOARD

A roundup of the sports information
of the week

TRACK & FIELD—The Big Ten championship at Columbus, Ohio was jokingly dubbed the Caribbean Olympics. Before the meet was over that turned out to be an apt phrase: five of the 15 events were won by students from the Caribbean. Teenathlete of Michigan and Kansas was the only double winner, tied Jesse Owens' 1935 Big Ten record in the 66-yard dash with time of 6.1, was only 1/18 off the record in the 200-yard dash with time of 30.6. Tony Roth of Michigan and British Guiana was the 680-yard run, lost in the anchor leg of the annual relay to George Kerr of Illinois and Jamaica (both teams broke the Big Ten record). Kerr later won the 880 for Illinois. Michigan took the championship with 68½ points for its 19th indoor title. Runner-up: Illinois with 45½ points.

SWIMMING—Making biggest splash in Big Ten history, Michigan gathered an all-time high of 155 points for its third consecutive Big Ten title. Four American records were broken during Ann Arbor meet, three of them by second-place (330 points) Indiana. Michigan's Ben Clark posted 200-yard breaststroke in 2:14.4. Indiana's Frank McKinney won 150-yard backstroke in 55.5, and Mike Troy covered 100-yard butterfly in 53.3. Indiana's McKinney, Gerald Miki, Troy and Frank Brown won 400-yard medley relay in 3:02.6.

"I think this Harvard team," said Harvard Captain and Freshman Kenedy O'Brien before last week's Harvard-Yale meet, "has the best chance of any in 25 years of beating Yale. The attitude at Yale seems different this year." Despite its optimism and however tired of treading water in Yale's backwash (Harvard hasn't beaten Yale since 1938), Harvard found itself once more at the wrong end of the pool. The Bulldogs dented Harvard 28-20 to extend their shutout string to 184 consecutive victories and capture their 14th straight Eastern Intercollegiate League title.

HOCKEY—Jack McFurran goals on outstanding U.S. Olympic team, in first professional game, vividly defended Ranger cup in 3-1 New York victory over formidable Detroit Red Wings (see page 26).

Montreal Canadiens clinched their third consecutive NHL championship with victory over Toronto Maple Leafs. Trailing 1-0 at the end of the first period, Montreal exploded for four goals (three of them in two minutes 49 seconds). In the second, added one more in the third to clinch 1953-54 league leadership with nine games still to be played in their 76-game schedule.

FOOTBALL—Owners of the eight AFL teams held a huddle in Oakland, Calif., announced they were ready to hit the line next fall with full squads. According to AFL Commissioner Joe Foss 459 players are under contract and stadiums are available in all eight cities. The going prize for football beef in the new league averages between \$5,000 and \$5,500. "The lowest contract I saw was for \$5,000," said Foss, "and the highest was \$5,500, although some of the outstanding players had fringe benefits."

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SCOREBOARDS continues

faces in the crowd . . .



ANGELA SULLIVAN, 20-year-old English swimming wonder, captured gold in speedy 38:17.8 for silver award in London meet. Said Angela's enthusiasm to coach: "Last Olympics prospect we've ever had. We'll prove it in 1988."



J. D. MARTIN, Oklahoma University's high flypole vaulter from Ennis, Okla., cleared 15 feet 7 1/2 inches during Big Eight track meet at Kansas City, Mo., for collegiate indoor record and conference victory for Sooner.



JOHN YANDA, 25, University of North Carolina basketball's new captain in U.S. Air Force, captured first Michael Field team to world-wide Air Force title at Newburgh, N.Y., averaged 20.6 points a game.



MIAMI ST. BLOOM of Laguna, W. Va., shot 28-hole total of 285 to break out 53 other women players before first had to admit to more than 65 years of age in Western Senior Women's Championship at Miami.



ALVIN ELLIOTT of Paris, showing both grace and graceful form in World Figure Skating Championships at Vancouver, B.C., won men's title vacated this year by David Jenkins, Olympic winner from Colorado Springs.



MIKE ELLIOTT, 16-year-old sharpshooter from Chisholm, Ala., won one of 1983 junior all-America shoot team, shot over 25 straight to shoot-off for all-horse championship at Palm Beach Gun Club, Palm Beach, Fla.



OLE RAVNHAUG, father of eight, from Alaska village of Hulla, washed his dog team 75 hours after in 1982 for 30-second victory over Willie Sampson of Newirth in annual Alaskan sled dog championship.



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How we learned the secret of the Derby Daiquiri*

by Jerry and Anne Chase (who got the tip at El Comandante in Puerto Rico)

PUERTO RICO surprises you. In one afternoon we discovered the world's most glamorous race track and a new kind of daiquiri.

The track is El Comandante. The drink is the Derby Daiquiri. Señor Mongil, the man in the white suit above, introduced us to both.

The Derby Daiquiri is a lovely golden drink. And quite easy to make. The secret: you must use a light, light Puerto Rican rum—unlike any rum you have ever tasted.

We never thought we'd find a drink as good

as the regular daiquiri. But the Derby Daiquiri finished in a dead heat. See if you agree.

Mix 1 oz. of orange juice, ½ oz. of lime juice, a scant teaspoon of sugar, 1½ ozs. of light Puerto Rican rum in a blender with 1 cup of crushed ice. Blend 10 seconds. Serve icy, in liquid state. (If you don't have a blender, use shaker and ice cubes.)

P.S. For a free booklet of exciting Puerto Rican rum recipes, write Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. 1-7, 465 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.



*Official drink of the 119th Kentucky Derby at Churchill Park. Recipe by Wanda Krasnowska, Palm Beach, Florida.

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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE TOURNAMENTS

While most of the nation's major college teams disappointedly packed away their shattered dreams, the fortunate few made ready to engage in the annual battle for national honors in the NCAA and NIT tournaments.

The NCAA, after waiting patiently for conference tournaments to be decided, assembled the newly crowned champions and moved toward this weekend's four regional finals—at Charlotte, N.C., Manhattan, Kan., Louisville and Seattle (see page 29).

But not all of the nation's top teams were in the NCAA. Many of them were headed for New York's Madison Square Garden, where the NIT had ambitiously accumulated a shabby field of 32 good teams for its postseason show. Headley (24-2), which finished a mere gap behind Connecticut in the Missouri Valley, was given top seeding, followed by St. Louis runner-up Utah State (22-4), St. Louis (18-7) and defending champion St. John's (17-7). However, the favorites could expect serious competition from Temple (17-8), Providence (21-4), St. Bonaventure (19-3), Villanova (19-5), Holy Cross (20-5), Dayton (20-6), Detroit (20-6) and Memphis State (18-4).

The small colleges, too, were making a push for fame and glory. Evansville (Ind.), last year's champion, St. Michael's (Vt.), Kentucky Wesleyan, American U., Wheaton, Chapman, Cornell (Iowa) and Northeast Missouri survived district playoffs and prepared to fight it out for the NCAA college-division title at Evansville. Things were even more hectic in Kansas City, where 32 teams, including three-time winner Tennessee A & L, were doggedly engaged in eliminating each other on the way to Saturday's NIT final.

THE SOUTH

Trounced five times by North Carolina and Wake Forest and no better than fourth in the regular-season standings, Duke suddenly came alive in the Atlantic Coast Conference tournament at Raleigh and upset its most persistent tormentor on successive nights to win the title and an NCAA berth.

After beating South Carolina 82-69, the running Blue Devils shrugged off North Carolina in a 1-3-1 hawking zone defense and edged the unsuspecting Tar Heels 71-69. Next night, Wake Forest, which had reached the final by routing Clemson 74-59 and outfigiting North Carolina

State 71-66, tried to crash the scene and was moderately effective as long as big Len Chappell was hitting with his layup-like jumpers and picking off rebounds. But Duke cleverly dropped back defensive swarmsman Jack Mullen to ring the middle, and shut off Chappell with five points in the second half. Offensively, Doug Kirtler possessed the desperate Deacons with his outside shooting (for 22 points), and John Frye calmly dropped



REACHING HANDS surround Duke's Carroll Youngkin, who grips ball, hopes for the best in 71-66 win over North Carolina.

in four foul shots is the final move to give the hawking Blue Devils a 62-59 victory and 32-year-old Vic Bubas a championship in his first year as a head coach.

Kentucky ended its season by whipping Pitt 73-66. Any other coach but Adolph Rupp would have been swished with an 18-7 record, but The Baron, audibly piqued because Kentucky won't tournament-bound for the first time in seven years, took consolation in blame his troubles on 1) the school band, which stopped tooting for the Wildcats after midyear exams left most of its members on probation; 2) student fans, who were absent in droves for the final game; 3) the lack of a more intensive recruiting program.

However, the Bluegrass State did have

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BASKETBALL'S WEEK continued

one representative is the NCAA showdown. Western Kentucky beat East Tennessee 85-88 for the Ohio Valley crown. The top three:

1. WEST VIRGINIA (34-4)
2. KANSAS (29-5)
3. SOUTHERN MISS (29-5)

THE EAST

It was the old times in New York's Madison Square Garden as 15,078 kindly souls braved a severe March snowstorm to watch goaded NYU smother St. John's with an old-fashioned, clinging man-to-man defense and beat the Redmen 74-67. Although NYU's Tom (Butch) Sanders, an agile pivotman with all the elegant moves of a Gleeblatterer, spun around befuddled Larry Ellis for 26 points, the hero's hands were needed for skyball. Sanders, who led St. John's Terry Jackson to five field goals.

Previously, only a faint threat for the championship in early February, played Columbia 80-69 and Cornell 83-78 to lead Dartmouth home in the Ivy League. In the Yankee Conference Maine faltered twice against Massachusetts and lost 73-66, 78-71, leaving the path clear for Connecticut, which beat Rhode Island 95-79, to win its 18th straight title. St. Joseph's defeated Lafayette 78-68, to finish on top in the Mid-Atlantic. The top three:

1. NYU (29-3)
2. ST. JOSEPH'S (27-7)
3. CT. CONNECTICUT (26-2)

THE MIDWEST

Ohio State's double loss, but it took a good Indiana team to force the loss. Equipped with the nose defense which Chuck Hatch McCracken first synthesized, and so effective, the quick Hoosiers successfully snuffed the Buckeye phenom while lucky, 6-foot 10½-inch Walt Bellamy watched Buck's Jerry Lucas of the boards, almost equaled him in points (24 vs Lucas' 27); Indiana won 90-83, it hand the new champions their only Big Ten loss. Then the second-place Hoosiers subdued Michigan State 86-80 to smother their winning streak to 13, and Ohio State squigged by Minnesota 71-66. Purdue lost to Wisconsin 83-80, but brilliant sophomore Terry Dischinger scored 12 points, took the Big Ten's scoring title.

Kansas State, making the most of Mike Wozniak's inside scoring punch, struggled past Oklahoma State 74-63 and Nebraska 80-54 to clinch a Big Eight tie. The Wildcats faced the prospect of sharing the title with Kansas. The Jayhawkers pushed back Oklahoma 68-62, needed a via over Nebraska Monday night to avoid K-State's 18-4 conference record.

Cincinnati stood all alone at the top of the Missouri Valley after clobbering Tul-

sa 110-66 and Drake 71-56. Bradley, feeding it more difficult to win these days. Held off Wichita 85-88 and St. Louis 83-71. The top three:

1. CINCINNATI (30-2)
2. OREGON STATE (29-2)
3. BRADLEY (28-4)

THE SOUTHWEST

Helped along by Texas Tech, which surprisingly eliminated SMU 72-69, improved Texas crashed the winning vault from bottom to top in the Southwest Conference by bowling over Lamplighter 86-62, before losing to TCU 75-77. Behind the Longhorns' sudden success was a first-class coaching job by Harold Bradley, who left talent-loaded Duke to accept the challenge at Texas. Bradley gobbled collegiate 6-foot 5-inch Albert Altabiano into an adept rebounder and scorer, built a harassing man-to-man defense around Jay Ammons and Dennis Laster and was rewarded with a championship in his first year.

With the next settled, Texas A&M recovered from a severe late-season run of the strumblers to beat TCU 64-56 and Baylor 77-63, tied SMU, a 93-82 winner over Arkansas, for second place.

New Mexico State's basket chrysothemis swept past Arizona 76-64, finished a full game ahead of Arizona State and West Texas State. The top three:

1. TEXAS (30-2)
2. TEXAS A&M (29-3)
3. NMU (27-5)

THE WEST

Utah finally walked down the Skyline, but not until pesky Colorado State U.'s Chuck Newcomb and Larry Hoffman nearly threw the race into a tie on closing night. The Cou trailed 42-38 at half time and it took a red-hot second half to overcome State 63-73. Runner-up Utah State had just as much trouble with Denver before eventually winning 56-71.

With only 230 to go Santa Clara trailed 84, Mary's 55-69, and Loyola, which beat Pepperdine 76-63 earlier in the week, had one nervous hand on the West Coast championship. However, Santa Clara's 16-0 Motie and Jon Davis took charge, pulled the Broncos to a 67-68 victory and a first-place tie with Loyola.

California took the news that Coach Pete Newell would retire to the athletic director's office until July (his replacement, Assistant Coach Russ Hennessey, already, then trimmed Stanford 81-62, 76-61, looked ahead to the NCAA, 1963 last 1961 70-71, lost some Hennessey 72-70, but was picked for the NCAA; Oregon got the same reward after splitting a pair with Oregon State, 64-55 and 67-63. The top three:

1. CALIFORNIA (34-2)
2. UTAH (30-6)
3. UTAH STATE (29-6)

SCREWBALLS FIRST AND LAST

Tomplion belied his reputation for eccentricity as he won the Santa Anita Derby, but Flow Line lived up to his

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

LAST SATURDAY AFTERNOON in the Los Angeles smog before \$5,537 people, C. V. Whitney's Tomplion ran himself right into a favorite's position for this year's Kentucky Derby when he won the 53rd Santa Anita Derby in a very forceful fashion and record Derby time. Now the pitchmen who stand outside the gates at Churchill Downs can start to wind up their mechanical dogs and puff air into their souvenir rubber horses, and julep staffers throughout the city of Louisville can begin to unlimber. Just eight weeks from this Saturday the Kentucky Derby is going to be run once again, and it looks as if the 3-year-olds of 1990 are finally taking some interest in it.

In the last few seasons the attentions of people who worry about classic horses for classic races have been directed toward the Santa Anita Derby, for it has yielded three Kentucky Derby winners in the last eight years (Bill Gail, Determined and Swaps), and it has also produced a group of fascinating horses who have kept Kentucky buzzing—like Round Table, Royal Orbit, Silky Sullivan and Silver Spoon.

Before this year's Santa Anita Derby, however, Californians were buzzing themselves about a new home-grown legend who may become even more of a national legend before this racing season ends. He's a combination of a devil and a race horse; he was sired by the sire of Swaps (Khaki, out of a mare called Play Possum); he's not too big but he's gigantic in people's minds; his owner feels he's worth half a million dollars and last Saturday he ran like ten cents. His name is Flow Line, and before finishing ninth in a field of nine he had just about every knowledgeable racing patron convinced that he was going to be a great horse. He had never raced until the third day of the Santa Anita meeting (December 29), but he had then won four times in a row (although he was once disqualified after impeding two other horses and was moved back to third place). He might have won a fifth race, but as he was being brought out from the saddling shed to the walking ring a racing fan flashed a racing form in front of him, and the outraged colt belted, scattering people left and right. Thus, some consider

him a rogue, though their opinions must be dismissed as prejudiced, since these are people upon whom the horse leaned a little. Ten fans reported injuries to the track's first aid room, and one of them has filed suit for \$103,000 against his owner, a 43-year-old silver-haired oilman from Newport Beach named C. Marc Crawford. The stewards scratched Flow Line, thus delaying his first stakes start until the San Felipe Handicap on February 20, his fourth race. Flow Line won the San Felipe in an easy gallop, beating some of the best colts of his generation, among them Eagle Admiral, T. V. Lark, New Policy and Noble Noor.

That race convinced nearly everyone that Flow Line was a real runner. Rival owners and rival trainers, jockeys and their agents, wheres, anyone even remotely connected with racing knew "this" was "some" horse. Four days before the Santa Anita Derby, Flow Line was given a public workout, and rumors quickly started to spread of imminent sale. When asked whether his horse was indeed for sale Marc Crawford never batted an eyelash. "Yes," he said, "Flow Line is for sale. I'm asking for between a



C.V. WHITNEY'S TOMPLION (LEFT) FOLLOWED



FLOW LINE'S PACE BEFORE MOVING AHEAD TO WIN. FLOW LINE (FAR RIGHT) BORE OUT, FALTERED, FINISHED 35 LENGTHS BEHIND

quarter and a half million dollars, and people are interested in buying him."

Just the day before the Derby, however, Crawford sat in his box at the track and said, "I haven't really made up my mind whether to sell him or not. I bred this horse myself, and it's hard to sell a horse that you've bred. Last year a lot of little things went wrong with him that kept him from getting to the races. He jumped out of his stall. Jumped over the rail of a walking ring. Reared in the air and fell on his rump. Got hurt again, and we had to turn him out for six months. Burked his shins after that and we had to give him another rest. The other day when that fellow opened the paper in front of him, he got scared. As he was running, people began to slap him with papers and he got really frightened. He jumped a bench and two hedges before he was caught. I don't think I'm going to sell him. I'm going to take a gamble on the Derby. It's 99% sure that I won't sell him."

On the day of the Santa Anita Derby, Flow Line, an even-money favorite, behaved just fine—for a while. When the starting gate opened,

however, he jumped high into the air, but he quickly righted himself and skipped into the lead. At the clubhouse turn he tried to left, and his rider, Bill Boland, was fighting to keep the horse from running to the outside fence. Down the backstretch Flow Line kept trying to run out, and near the top of the stretch he tried once more. "I'm a pretty strong boy," Boland said later, "but I just couldn't hold him. I had to give up and let the others go by me." Flow Line ended up dead last, beaten 25 lengths. He had cost his newly found public \$260,269.

WAITING FOR TOMPLION

Tomplion is a colt for whom many people have waited many months. He is a meticulously bred brown runner, by Tam Fool out of a Count Fleet mare named Sunlight, who is often difficult to ride. He won three races last year, including The Hopeful at Saratoga. This year he had started four times before last Saturday and had won only one race. That race, however, impressed his trainer, 39-year-old Bob Wheeler. "I've always thought that he was a good horse,"

says Wheeler, "and the win made me feel a little better about his chances in the Santa Anita Derby. He's a tough, sound horse, and he isn't temperamental, public opinion to the contrary. He's just beginning to get his confidence now, though he's a horse that always seems to get himself into trouble. He doesn't like to get hit in the face with dirt, and when he is, it discourages him. Near the end of last season I changed his training procedure, made him gallop longer distances, and I always had in mind bringing him around at just the right time. Well, the right time is coming up now. I'll ship him to Lexington between the 10th and 15th of April and maybe get a race into him before the Blue Grass Stakes and then run him in the Blue Grass (April 28). Mr. Whitney tried to get out here for the race today, but I guess the weather was bad in Kentucky and he couldn't make it."

"C. V. Whitney has won just about every important race in the country except one," Bob Wheeler was asked. "Do you know the name of that one?"

"Yes," said Wheeler, "The Kentucky Derby." **END**

'NOW I CAN BEAT THOSE

A tough little Australian named Al Lawrence, who broke four U.S. distance records in one race last week, is flying back home to show his countrymen how he does it by TEX MAULE

TWILK slender runner moving steadily around the track looked faintly comic. A knitted red cap was pulled over his ears, and the white sleeves of an overlarge undershirt showed beneath his uniform. His face, as the race went on, turned peaked and cold from the damp, gusty wind whipping across the track, but the steady rhythm of his running never faltered. When the gun cracked to signal the final lap, Al Lawrence found a hitherto untapped source of strength. He sprinted the last quarter mile, to the delight of the handful of people huddled last week in Houston's Jepson High School Stadium, and with a time of 29:28.4 broke the U.S. record for the 10,000-meter run.

Twelve days earlier before a huge crowd in New York's Madison Square Garden, this same Lawrence, an Australian who runs for the University of Houston, provided the single biggest thrill of the indoor track season when he completely overpowered his opposition in the National AAU three-mile run and shattered the indoor world record by almost 11 full seconds (SE, Feb. 29). His remarkable performance, indoors and out, helped to focus attention on the fact that at the Olympics in Rome this summer Australia may well have the individual favorite in three of the classic distance races: Herb Elliott in the 1,500, Albert Thomas in the 5,000 and Al Lawrence in the 10,000.

At Houston last week, during his record-breaking race, Lawrence also broke the U.S. records for the four-, five- and six-mile runs. And still the little Australian was disappointed.

"I might have done better except for the wind," he said. "And I miscounted a lap, too."

Lawrence set his records in a meet especially arranged by Houston Track

Coach Johnny Morris so that Lawrence could run the 10,000 meters under conditions which would allow his time to be certified as qualification for the Olympics. (The qualifying time is 29:00; Lawrence was almost 4 seconds better than that.)

Lawrence was third in the 1966 Olympic 10,000, and his goal now is to run both the 5,000 and the 10,000 meters in Rome. He left Houston last Saturday on a 3,500-mile trip to Australia to make good his bid for a place on the Australian team; he'll run at Melbourne next weekend and at Sydney on March 19 and return to school on March 21.

THE AUSSIE CHAPS

"The chaps I must run against are Albert Thomas, Dave Power and Bob Vagg," he said the day after his race in Houston. He was in a small apartment he shares with two other Australian runners, Barry Almond and Pat Clohesy. "They're due for a bit of a surprise," he went on. "I was a sinner when I used to run in Australia. It was only after Coach here gave me confidence that I began to run from the front."

"They used to shout at him in Australia," Almond said. "You know how those chaps are. They want to make sure that everyone in a race is doing his share of the work. They'd yell 'Take a lap, Al,' meaning he should lead the field for a lap. But he never would."

"I had to run my race," Lawrence said seriously. "I was a bit afraid of them. No confidence. I'm a better runner now for learning to run in front. I believe I can beat those chaps now."

Those chaps include the world three-mile record holder in Thomas.

"Thomas is a complete athlete," Lawrence said. "He's a smashing run-

ner at the 5,000 meters and the 10,000, too. He can run and win from behind the pack, in the middle or in front. He has a very saasty finish."

He thought about Thomas' saasty finish for a moment, his thin, bony face very serious.

"I'm used to saasty finishers," he went on. "The American chaps all seem to have great kicks. I lost a few races when I first came over because I tried to sit behind and outkick them. Finally Coach told me that I must draw their sting with a hot early pace, and I began to win. You see, I don't have good essentials. I must make it up in strength and endurance. And mental strength."

A typical week for Lawrence goes like this: Monday, four one-mile runs, with a lap of jogging in between, aiming at 4:25 to 4:45 for each mile; Tuesday, 15 to 20 220s, 330s or 440s on grass; Wednesday, 16 to 20 220s or 12 to 15 440s, whichever he feels like; Thursday, 5 to 8 miles of cross-country jogging; Friday, relaxed jogging, as long as he wants to, on grass.

Often Lawrence gets up at 4 to run a few miles on grass before breakfast. During the off season, he works over long distances, as much as 15 or 20 miles, to build his endurance.

"You must use your training to build your mental toughness, too," Lawrence said. "We know that before a muscle quits, the mind quits. You can't force yourself to run to utter exhaustion. But you have to refuse to admit you're ready to quit. I keep hounding myself when I'm running, especially when I get a bit tired. I tell myself a gulfen god. I do that in training. I push myself hard, reover, then push hard again. You have to. You have to punish yourself."

Someone asked him if it was worth all that pain, and he smiled.

"Back home the way things are, a guy like me, whose parents are not particularly well off, he goes in a dead end when he finishes school," Lawrence said. "A little job, no place to go, no escape. So you run because of the excitement. Even the setbacks

CHAPS'

you run into at first are better than the monotony of a job. Then it becomes a habit. It's the way I live. I'm used to it now."

Lawrence came to the U.S. after mentioning to John Landy, the great Australian mile, that he would like to study radio and TV in America and do a bit of running. "I wanted a warm climate, like Sydney's," Lawrence said. Landy wrote to Fred Wilt, the American runner. Wilt wrote to Johnny Morris, and in September 1958, Lawrence and Clohesy matriculated at Houston. Almond followed in January.

LUCKY LAWRENCE

"I'm very lucky," Lawrence said. "Morris has done a great deal for me. Aside from building up my confidence he taught me to use a sprinter's technique in the last 300 or 400 yards of a race. You have a tendency when you're tired to lengthen your stride and lean back, and you lose your drive. Coach taught me to drive more with my arms and to shorten my stride and lean forward."

Lawrence and Morris conferred briefly the day before he left for Australia.

"Don't try to work too hard the first two days you're there," Morris said. "Don't blow it by hurting yourself. And take some Peen-a-Mints with you. Don't get all tied up on the plane ride. Keep your bowels open."

"Don't worry, Coach," Lawrence said.

"Remember," Morris said. "You can beat them. You're 15 seconds faster than you were when you came here."

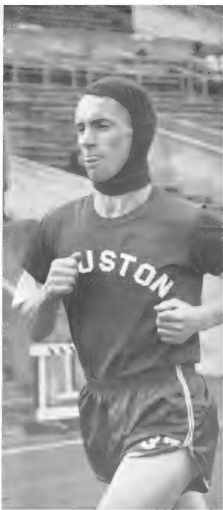
"I know, Coach," Lawrence said.

"Don't lay too far off the pace," Morris said. "Don't be afraid to run from the front." He looked worried.

"I won't, Coach," Lawrence said. He didn't look at all worried. **END**

Photograph by Len Wilt

IN HUNTED HELMET, biting his tongue, Lawrence fights odd to set record pace.





OF NATIONAL SHOOTING DOG CHAMPIONSHIPS AT L. B. HAYTAG'S 14,000-ACRE SEDGEFIELD PLANTATION AT UNION SPRINGS, ALA.

Photograph by Jerry Bryer —Birmingham News

Springs, quail is the quarry. The birds are native; they are found in the sedge, impedens and pine patches of the South's best upland-game country. At each stake, the dogs are run in braces, two at a time, over a prescribed course, and the number of coveys they point and the way they find and point them determine the ultimate champions.

This year more than 300 owners, handlers and spectators turned out on horseback at Grand Junction to watch the 62nd running of the National Bird Dog Championship. In spite of snow, rain and weather that was generally most untypical of the South, they followed 35 pointers and setters through 10 days of three-hour heats over the 18,046-acre Hobart Ames Plantation. The final victory went to a 3-year-old white-and-liver pointer, Home Again Mike, owned by W. C. Jones of Franklin,

Va., and handled by Paul Walker of Farmington, N.C.

In winning, Mike outran and outpointed the leading favorite, 1956 and 1959 national champion Palamontus, who was Handler Clyde Morton's big hope for an unprecedented 12th Grand Junction victory.

In three hours Mike found 19 coveys of quail and handled 18 of them like a champion. He made only one error in an otherwise spectacular race—an error which could have cost him the trial. Mike went on point in a cornfield, but the birds flushed wild and the dog chased after them, a breach of behavior which could have eliminated him. But the over-all quality of his previous work was so outstanding by comparison with that of the other dogs, none of whom completed the three-hour test cleanly, that he was unanimously declared the champion.

At Union Springs another defending champion and equally strong favorite, 1959 National Shooting Dog winner Paladin's Handyman, went down before 5-year-old Storm Harrigan, a white-and-liver pointer owned by Mrs. Donald F. Ross of Wilmington, Del. Harrigan, though still a youngster by field-trial standards, is already a veteran quail dog, with four seasons of actual bird-hunting experience behind him on Mrs. Ross's plantation near Hartsboro, Ala. However, he had run in only two previous stakes, both at Union Springs, and failed even to qualify at last year's championship.

This time, under the handling of Leroy Upshaw, a Hartsboro merchant, Harrigan pointed nine coveys of quail in 90 minutes, with the judgment, accuracy and enthusiasm of a first-class gun dog. More than 100

continued on page 12





WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

KIBITZERS MIME A MASTER

THERE IS AN empathy between bridge players and the kibitzers who watch them; when the former are in anguish the latter suffer too. And so it was at Fleming's Hotel near Piccadilly when Charles Goren frowned owlishly at a hard hand and had his mood mirrored by a concerned gallery of British bridge buffs. ("More constrained than their American counterparts, who occasionally offer advice," said Goren later.)

The problem facing Bridge Master Goren and company at this crucial moment in one of the world's toughest tournaments, the London Masters' Pairs: whether to try for a slam with relatively weak cards. Seconds later he successfully gambled on the big bid (six diamonds) and earned smiles from the fans as well as a top score for himself and partner Boris Schapiro. It was one of the few bright spots for the team, which finished ninth (for more Goren in London see page 66).

What about the man at the left who isn't interested? That's Harold Franklin. His best card is a jack.

Photograph by Larry Burrows



KEEPING YOUTHFUL ON TAMPA BAY

YOU'RE 55, you've got a freight-hauling business in Chicago, but you like to sail your Lightning in Florida waters in the wintertime. So you can come to the kind of sudden immersion that bespectacled Earl Ross (kay? submerged, wearing light oilskins, in picture at left) is experiencing here with his crewmates in Tampa Bay and feel that it's all in the day's sport.

Ross and his two crewmen, Don LaCross (bustling on kayak) and Joe

Heitinger, risked 25-knot blows to sail in the 13th annual Lightning class midwinter regatta off St. Petersburg. With mainsail sheeted down hard and made fast, Skipper Ross found himself suddenly broadside to the wind. Before he or his crew could ease the sheets, the boat was on its side and skipper and crew were in the cold drink. Ultimately they accepted a tow. Next day, the sailing urge being what it is, captain and crew were all back for more racing.

Photographs by George Trabant St. Petersburg Times



SKIFFER'S IGNOMINY is lessened by waterflood Skipper Ross and crew of his Lightning.

CLEARING TANGLE of gear preparatory to re-see advanced dinking 20 minutes.

OVERWRITTEN DREAM

IT was like an overwritten dream. Last week he was an amateur goalie at the Winter Olympics. This week he was trying out with the professional New York Rangers. But when the game in Manhattan's Madison Square Garden was over, Jack McCartan had to open his eyes and face facts: the 14,000 New Yorkers up on their feet were applauding him, it was his bark—his—that the veteran Rangers were pounding, and he was the upstart rookie who had sent the formidable Detroit Red Wings skulking from the ice, whipped 3-1 by the last-place Rangers.

McCartan, who played both hockey and baseball at the University of Minnesota, considers himself a better third baseman than goalie. Certainly a third baseman's quick reflexes were evident as he made 33 saves against Detroit, many with his hands. "He did everything we had hoped for," said Muzz Patrick, Ranger general manager. Said soaped-up, souped-up Jack McCartan from the showers (right): "These Rangers played like hell in front of me. My job was easy."

Photographs by John G. Zimmerman



TENSE AND ANXIOUS, McCARTAN AWAITS FIRST FACE-OFF IN HIS PRO DEBUT



CONFIDENT NOW, AMATEUR McCARTAN STOPS PUCK WITH EXPERT FLOP. RANGER TEAMMATES PLAYED STRONG DEFENSIVE GAME



DODGERS ON THE SET

THESE THREE members of the world-famous Los Angeles Dodgers have a new answer to the spring training camp question, "What'd you do over the winter?" They were TV actors.

Pitcher Don Drysdale drew some relatively happy roles; he portrayed a fast-draw trail rider for ABC's *Lawman* and a lady-killing ballplayer for CBS's *The Millionaire*. Outfielder Wally Moon, as a marshal on NBC's *Wagon Train*, and Pitcher Sandy Koussas, as a cavalryman on ABC's *Cold 15*, drew rougher scripts. Both got shot—perhaps just in time to let them get back to their baseball.



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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Counterfeit Prosperity

IT WILL BE a long winter before they quit talking about the golf tournament staged last month at the Bahamas Country Club in Nassau.

In order to attract a free-opening field the club operated a pre-tournament Calcutta pool, despite the fact that even the most naïve country cousin knows by now the kind of trouble that a Calcutta breeds, and most clubs have voluntarily dropped them. As might have been anticipated under the circumstances, the money-winning scores were on the slightly incredible side, starting with a first-place best ball of 114—39 under par for 36 holes of a two-man team.

But the big talk about the Bahamas Country Club's Calcutta these days concerns the jolt the club got when the money in the pool was counted. Among the checks and currency, the dumfounded tournament committee found 31 crisp new \$100 bills, all issued in the name of the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago and all with the identical serial number: G426378.

The U.S. Treasury Department was put to work immediately, and it became known that southern resorts had recently been plagued with phony C-notes. Indeed dozens of them with the same serial number had turned up and were already in the hands of Treasury agents. Presently the T men found the source of the phony bills that had turned up in the Calcutta at Nassau. He was a prominent and highly solvent member of the La Gorce Country Club in Miami Beach and his best (though not entirely satisfactory) explanation was that he got them from a bookmaker. He made restitution, but the T men are still investigating.

The T men, in their humorless way, pointed out that never before had the

nation's prosperity reached a level that would make counterfeit \$100 bills possible.

End of an Era

OF ALL the festivals of U.S. football, the biggest, best, most floridly festooned is California's Rose Bowl. Since 1947, under a contractual monopoly that made other regional (and national) champions mourn, the universities of the Midwest's Big Ten have supplied the visiting team

—and then have hauled home about \$500,000 a year for divvy-up. Last week the ruling assembly of the Big Ten, officially the Intercollegiate Conference of Faculty Representatives, met in Columbus, Ohio and was tempted to renew the expiring Rose Bowl contract. On reflection, the Big Ten said get thee behind me. It meant the end of an era.

The Big Ten decision was made, fundamentally, by the Big Ten faculty. Big Ten athletic directors,

continued



by and large, disagreed. Their advice was listened to and rejected. In one of U.S. education's periodic confrontations of the question, "What is overemphasis?" the Big Ten faculties replied in effect, "The Rose Bowl is overemphasis." Said Stanley Kinyan, Minnesota's faculty representative: "Here's last year's Wisconsin team, the first from Wisconsin since 1915 to win the Big Ten title outright. And what's it remembered for? For losing the Rose Bowl to Washington. We recruit all over the place just so we can win in the Rose Bowl."

The decision was not unanimous. Five schools—Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Michigan State and Purdue—voted aye on renewing the contract. But five others—Illinois, Minnesota, Northwestern, Ohio State and Wisconsin—voted nay. Under the Big Ten constitution the 5-5 tie meant the failure of the contract renewal motion.

The athletic directors had expected the decision all along, for it had been brewing since last year. Most of them had one lingering hope: that individual Big Ten schools would still be allowed to richer, as "independents," for Rose Bowl appearances on a year-to-year basis. They lost on this, too, 6-4.

This development, one may understand, annoyed, saddened and downright roused the directors. In apparently impromptu retort, they proposed abolition of all postseason competition outside the Big Ten, be they football, baseball, track, golf, tennis, chess or whatever. The effect, a kind of de-emphasis overemphasized, would be to exclude all Big Ten athletes from any tournaments and meets sponsored by the National

Collegiate Athletic Association or the Amateur Athletic Union. The faculty representatives, though astonished by the idea, agreed. "At first we regarded it as just a gesture," said Leslie Bryan of Illinois. "But when the directors asked for an executive session and it took a serious turn, the faculty decided if they really meant it, O.K., we'll go along and see what happens."

To see what happens one must wait until May when the Big Ten meets again in East Lansing, Mich. The contract with the Rose Bowl is now a dead issue, but individual participation in the Rose Bowl and the general ban on postseason athletics will certainly be challenged by some member schools, and both decisions may be reversed. Said Big Ten Commissioner Tug Wilson: "We have always prided ourselves on a studied, careful approach to all situations. We never rush into anything half-cooked. Right now I'm afraid we did."

Shape of TV to Come

THE TELEVISION VIEWER does not lack for spokesmen. Poll takers, the networks and ad men profess to know all about him. Why are there so many westerns on the air? Because the television viewer demands them. Why are programs overloaded with jarring, often tasteless commercials? Because the viewer is only too happy to pay this slight price for his entertainment—and the polls damn well say so.

The broadcasts of the Olympics from Squaw Valley gave the television viewer in Boston a chance to speak for himself and he seemed to

be saying something quite different. The CBS outlets there decided not to carry the programs on both Olympic Sundays (one ran a 1937 Robert Taylor movie instead). So CBS gallantly piped these programs to Boston's only noncommercial television station, WGBH-TV without charge.

Station WGBH-TV is supported by funds from Harvard, MIT, the Boston Symphony and similar redoubts of culture, but it still depends on individual contributions. It never expected what would happen when it brought Boston the Olympics: eleven hundred letters of thanks containing \$15,000 in gifts. This is striking evidence of the shape of things to come when something like pay television arrives and regularly allows the viewer to speak for himself.

Spotting a Trend

WHEN the Madison (Tenn.) High School basketball team trooped on court one night last month, those in the stands met them with twits, taunts, sniggers, sneers, hoots, whistles, yips and jeers. Not too polite,



you'll warrant, but all the same peevy understandable. The Madison High team's new uniforms—shirts, pants, socks and shoes—were bedeviled with polka dots.

The background color of the Madison outfit is a violent, dancing orange, and the rampant dots, black and white and one inch across, are evenly parceled out 168 to the man. The uniforms cost the school \$42 apiece is \$15 more over ordinary uniforms, which averages out to a fee surcharge per polka dot), and the rationale for their existence, as best Coach Bill Beirm can define it, is this: "I figured the crazy things would help bring people out."

People cut they brought, all right, and attendance rose 12%. Something else rose, too, and that was the team's winning record. Before the new uni-

They Said It

NICOLAI ROMANOV, Russian sports administrator, on the use of oxygen by the U.S. Olympic hockey team: "It was not oxygen that made them win. It was their skill and the fact they were playing at home."

DR. STANLEY CARR of the Fels Research Institute, on the diet of teen-agers: "Frappe, fat-onion hamburgers, bacon and sausage-andwiches may be good for the undertaker and bad for the populace."

FRANK BENDER, basketball coach, after his Seattle boys' club team was beaten 103-0: "My boys played their average game—but they just couldn't hit."

forms were introduced, colorless Madison had won seven games and lost six. Post polka dots it won six, lost one. And the sole loss was easy to explain: the uniforms were out at the cleaners.

Idea for a Statue.

A SPORTSMAN named Hank Pearson of Seattle has appointed himself chairman of an organization called the Committee for the Preservation of Winter Steelhead Fishermen which proposes to rescue the steelhead fisherman from an extinction threatened by "increasing number of hydroelectric dams on our rivers, increased pollution from industrial wastes and an invidious move on the part of women to prevent their husbands from going fishing at all."

As part of this novel conservation plan, the committee proposes that a statue commemorating this "most virile of all fishermen" be erected so that future generations may have at least a general idea of what the species looked like.

Chairman Pearson details his idea as follows:

"This effigy will depict the winter steelhead fisherman down to the minutest detail. It will show him with sloppy hat, complete with ear muffs, pulled well down over the head. The features of the face will be rugged and square-jawed. Adding realism, a small, clear icicle will be shown extending from the nose. The mouth will be straight and determined, with just a trace of a snarl. The jaw will be square and rugged, with a stubble of frost-encrusted beard.

"This statue will show the winter steelhead fisherman with several layers of bulky clothes. Authenticity will be depicted further, with red-colored blotches over these garments to indicate where the angler has sweated surplus salmon eggs from his hands. Bits of leader, half a bologna sandwich and a wiping rag will extend from the pockets.

"The rest of the ensemble will show a pair of sloppy hip boots—one of the pair hooked tightly to the pants belt, the other hanging halfway down to the knee and spilling over with water.

"It is the plan of the committee to



"The wife is dragging me to the ice show tonight."

erect this statue along a riverbank with a thick growth of brush and trees at its back. In this growth a few spinners and cherry bobbins will be strategically placed, as well as a number of snarled leaders. To add further realism to the scene, a small, sputtering fire will be depicted at the angler's feet.



Dressed Down

Sometimes he fights in purple trunks, Sometimes he fights in red, Sometimes he wears no trunks at all, Just suitcases instead.

— ROBERT FITCH

"There you have it. Just one more thing. As chairman of this committee, I feel I should squash current rumors that such a statue already exists on the Upper Skykomish. Checking on this rumor, I found out that this statue was in reality a live fisherman, frozen into one position. Once thawed out, he reacted as any normal steelheader would: he chased the committee away from his hole."

Readers with similar commemorations to suggest are invited to submit them.

Continued Story

THE North Carolina Wildlife Resources Commission is the source of another of those stories proving that hunting is real and earnest, and that no one should go into the field without a neon suit and a big sign flashing, I AM A MAN. In Caldwell County, N.C., a man killed a squirrel and was shaking the blood out of it. Another hunter, 50 to 100 yards removed, shot the hunter. He thought the squirrel was alive and the hunter was a tree trunk.

END

SPRING BUDS AND BASEBALL

WIDESPREAD wintry monochrome to the contrary, the thinking man's spring came once again to the U.S. last week exactly as advertised.

Every right-thinking man knows that while other countries and other climes must wait for the first robin or the vernal equinox to signal the start of their annual season of hope, spring comes to the U.S. when spring training comes to baseball.

It mattered not a catcher's curse, therefore, that the first tender green shoots of the astronomer's spring were turning blue with the cold last week. To counter them the sports pages were gloriously green with the tender buds of highly paid rookie-dom, the air from the South was rampant with Stereoglobe as the Yankees' aging mother hen reassured his young, and all over the land necks arched in sympathy with the stiffening rock muscles of the Boston Red Sox veteran slugger, Ted Williams.

A well-intentioned but poorly informed Yugoslavian athlete (who had better remain nameless) recently suggested in the interests of global unity that the U.S. drop baseball and adopt soccer as its national game like virtually every other nation in the world. Not a chance. Baseball has had many critics recently, but it is doubtful if even the harshest of them would quickly second this motion: baseball is as vital and intrinsic a part of the U.S. summer as the green grass itself. But the best green grass does not just happen. It must be nurtured and weeded.

Someone once murmured about grand opera that it was not what it used to be and was quickly brought short by a critic who remarked, "Yes, it is; that's what's wrong with it." Much of what's wrong with baseball is that it is what it used to be.

The seasons 1958 and 1959 were two of the best in big league his-

tory; not because the old game was the same as ever, but because it had suddenly struck out into pioneer territory, opening up new vistas. The season of 1961 gives promise of even wider and more drastic changes with the advent of a third major league. Many fans as well as many of those in charge of the national game would willingly choke off all change in favor of the status quo, just as they would willingly have barred expansion to the West Coast when the trek to California began.

We are frankly bored with such obstructionist attitudes in baseball, just as we and many other fans are becoming increasingly bored with the annual spring crop of cliffhanging would-be holdouts. The holdout is a relic of another day when the sports fan had little else to read or to think about in the long dreary stretch between seasons but the future and security of his favorites. Now he him-

self is often too busy skiing or skin-diving off Bermuda, following basketball or practicing his putts to be seduced and beguiled by such plainly concocted melodrama. Besides, he knows that any star already has security by way of the game's new "residuals"—bowling alleys, restaurants, saloons, endorsements, guest shots. The fact that Mickey Mantle is now an official holdout for the first time in his career adds little to the luster of the Yankee legend or to Mickey's stature as a national hero. On the day the Yanks began training, Mickey was happily totting up the books in his profitable bowling alley in Dallas and sipping over a reported \$15,000 cut in the salary offered by Yankee General Manager George Weiss. "I've been waiting for them to call," said Mickey, refusing to leave Dallas. "The time has come for Mantle to grow up," said Weiss. "He must be made aware of the fact

that a deal like ours demands man-to-man conversation, not dickering over a telephone."

The fact is that at Mickey's prices (\$75,000 last season), a few dollars more or less are of as little interest to the average fan as the taxes paid on Yankee Stadium.

There was a time when the Yankees were the greatest thing in baseball and Mickey was the greatest thing on the Yankees. A glance at last year suggests that this is no longer the case. It is not inconceivable that some future score card may show Joe Blow and the Buffalo Bisons of the Continental League outstripping them both. If Mr. Weiss, Mr. Mantle and a hundred other big league baseballers are really interested in keeping their franchise with the American people's interest, they would do well to stop haggling, stop counting pennies and start playing ball. That's what the big league ball fans want from the game. **END**

BUDENBERGER BEGINS SPRING TRAINING





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don't get is harshness. What you *do* get is heartiness.
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THE TEST OF THE NATION'S BEST

by JEREMIAH TAX

Basketball's title tournament begins, and the goal is San Francisco's Cow Palace

IF California and Ohio State meet in the final round of the national college basketball championships the night of March 19—an entirely reasonable prospect—one of the classic patterns in sport will be on display once again. It will be Turney against Dempsey all over, Riggs against Budge, the White Sox "Hitless Wonders" against the Cubs. In other words, boxer versus slugger, great defense opposed to great offense.

California leads the nation in containing rival scoring, and Ohio State leads in points per game. Logically

enough, their playing styles are completely different. California uses its rebounding power to upset its rivals by forcing them to play at California's deliberate tempo. Ohio State uses its superb control of the backboards to fast-break endlessly, destroying the opposition's defense by simply running away from it. Both teams have individual stars—Darrall Imhoff at Cal, Jerry Lucas at Ohio State—but their court styles place great reliance on team play. For this reason, skill and confidence run deep in both squads, which is not true of teams whose main burden is carried by one man—Cincinnati's Oscar Robertson, West Virginia's Jerry West. California is a veteran crew, coached by that wily old hand, Pete

Newell. Ohio State is largely a sophomore team, coached by youthful Fred Taylor, in his sophomore year in the big time. From every angle, and whoever won, this would be a fascinating final contest (if it took place). Who would win? Precedent provides few clues. Slugger Budge beat boxer Riggs in most of their matches. But Turney beat Dempsey in both bouts, of course, and the White Sox beat the Cubs in their World Series 4-2. The vast majority of expert opinion would undoubtedly favor California, first because Cal has a great stake in the outcome as defending champion and second because Pete Newell has a genius for instilling self-discipline in his players—this is an especially valuable asset in the pressure of tournament basketball. But California might indeed be the better of the two and still lose this one game. And the plausibility of such an "upset" adds savor to this possible championship final.

What might prevent the meeting? What interloper will eliminate either Cal or State—or both—before the final round? As the official NCAA draw (following page) shows, Cal should have little trouble in its first two games, against Idaho State and the West Coast Conference champion, both apparently out of their

(continued)

THE NATION'S TOP TEAMS



Henry Rust

AMBURE

Southwestern
W 18, L 3

Coach Evans

No height, no real beach, little versatility, but a perfect example of how far precise substitution of a few plays can take a team. Best shooting percentage in nation because excellent discipline prohibits all but good attempts.



Mike Bantz

BRASLEY

Missouri Valley
W 24, L 2

Coach Grubben

Would surely have died for Valley title if Guard Bobby Mason hadn't used up eligibility by negligence. Varied offense based on balanced five power, but oddly weak at the free-throw line. Starters free-lance well if offense stalls.



Darrall Imhoff

CALIFORNIA

Big Five
W 24, L 1

Coach Howard

Overwhelming board control by Imhoff and Bill McClintock plus traditionally tight Novell defense leads to a wilderness of shots. Darrall Imhoff works so well because scoring power is spread through squad.



Oscar Robertson

CINCINNATI

Missouri Valley
W 25, L 1

Coach Smith

Robertson an ideal reliable perimeter player to rivals because of playmaking skill in addition to ability to score from any position as Ray. Ralph Davis one of nation's best guards. Have trouble handling control style.



Roger Kucen

GEORGIA TECH

Southeastern
W 25, L 5

Coach Hyder

Defense key to team success because attack is two-man affair featuring Kucen outside. Dave Denton inside. Spread offense sets up quick drives by Denton and Bobby Dewa, and close work by Wayne Richards.



Sam Galloway

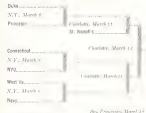
INDIANA

Big Ten
W 26, L 4

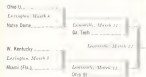
Coach McCracken

Great collection of talent that could not get untracked at season's start but finished with a rush. Excellent size, speed, shooting but weak defensively until it mastered a tight 3-3 zone. Belfamy a top pro prospect.

EAST REGIONALS



MIDWEST REGIONALS



MIDWEST REGIONALS



WEST REGIONALS



NATIONAL
CHAMPION
March 18

class. Then, in Seattle, Cal should face Utah or USC. It has already beaten USC three out of four times, but Utah would cause considerably more trouble. Jack Gardner's Utah teams have made three trips to the NCAA in the past five years, and each time they have been unlucky enough to meet the eventual champion in an early round. Utah was humiliated by Cal in the tournament last year; it is a much better team now, though its defense is still erratic. Cal plays deliberately for the good shot and will very likely force Utah into costly defensive errors. That alone should decide the issue.

The final hurdle for Newell's men will come in San Francisco's Cow Palace in the semifinal round—likely a game with Cincinnati—and this is another probable highlight of the tournament. The same two teams met in the semifinals at Louisville last year and Cal put on one of the finest displays of defensive skill in the history of college ball. Cincinnati played the first nine minutes of the second half without scoring a field goal; Robertson got just one in the whole second half. Cincinnati finished with 58 points, 24 below its season's average.

One big difference in Cincinnati this year is the presence of a center,



Wayne Nighthawk

KANSAS

Big Eight
WTF, L.B.

Coach Welp

After disappointing start, two regulars because injuries but has patching job by Hays led to strong finish. Inferior shooting balanced by good defense, teamwork of Hightower, Bill Bridges. Most key men back next year.



Van Gorder

NEW YORK U.

Independent
WTF, L.B.

Coach Russell

A tall, strong front court and a pair of elusive guards make New York a dangerous team. Does very deceptive in close. Much firepower, but defense the key to success. Ray Paprocky and Russ Cunningham are quick ball hawks.

OFFICIAL PAIRINGS for the 23rd annual NCAA tournament. Lists 14 conference champions, 11 at-large entries competing for title. Try to keep your own record, insert scores.

6-foot-9 Paul Hogue, just about the size of Cal's Irnhoff. But in no other way does Hogue yet measure up to Irnhoff. He is far less quick and, even more critically, his hands are slower. This is why he often gets into foul trouble early in a game. The feeling here is that it will require much more of a team effort, offensively, than Cincinnati can offer to beat California.

In its half of the draw, Ohio State should also encounter little difficulty in the first few games. Neither Miami nor Western Kentucky has the offensive power to match it point for point even if State throws up the feeblest of defenses. Two of the possible opponents in the next round—Ohio U. and Notre Dame—have been beaten by teams that Ohio State has whipped decisively. The last is Georgia Tech, which has nowhere near the speed to keep up with Lucas & Co. and has only two players of the caliber of State's regulars—Roger Kaiser and Dave Denton. So the rub for Ohio State, as for California, comes in the semifinals in San Francisco.

Reason dictates that the team to face State in the Cow Palace will be either West Virginia or Duke, with all the others falling by the wayside in the most evenly matched of regional playoffs. Only NYU appears to have a chance of pulling an upset here, and it has already lost to West

Virginia by 29 points. Though this game was played in Morgantown, still the margin of West Virginia's superiority was too great to be laid to a home-court advantage.

Of these two possible opponents, Ohio State would likely have more trouble with West Virginia, which would give it the tougher battle of the boards. If State cannot get a big share of the rebounds its most potent offensive weapon, the fast break, becomes ineffective. State would, of course, have its hands full trying to contain Jerry West. He is college basketball's Sugar Ray Robinson—inch for inch (at 6 feet 3) the best player in the land. But he is at the end of a long regular season (and the Southern Conference tournament) during which he has played a great deal of every game, his nose has now been broken twice and he must cover it with a mask on the court, and West Virginia does not appear to have the bench or the balance to beat Ohio State at its best.

Duke, the other possibility, is riding the crest of a late-season drive but has no adequate reserves for the six men who have played most of its games—a major handicap in tournament basketball.

Not all the best teams in the U.S.—*SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s top 16 are listed on these pages—will play in the

results in a good



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NORTH

Atlantic Coast
WFO, Inc.

Cassidy McGuire



Abstract *See page 100*

OHIO STATE

Big Ten
West, A. J.

Fourth, Testing

**Topic 1: Health and safety**

ST. JOHN'S

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

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ST. LOUIS

Missouri Valley
St. Paul, Minn.

Call Center

Same look of "killer instinct" that earned NCAA loss last year still plagues team. Otherwise, first-round balance, depth and skill. Shaffer, Doug Moe work past each well, York Larnett too outside offense. Prober 3-1-1 score.

Occasionally lapses into error-filled play because of inexperience of newcomers, but well-balanced personnel, good size, speed and deception. Key is improvement of center Leroy Ellis. May be the East's best next season.

Probably tallest first-year back in line in nation, plays deliberate style, working ball into Hardmann in close. Lacks over-all speed but often slows opposition with fine defense. Not enough outside shooting to keep attack warm.

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NCAA tournament, of course, since only the winning team in each major conference is eligible. Thus, Cincinnati represents the Missouri Valley in the NCAA, but Bradley and St. Louis will play in the National Invitational Tournament in New York's Madison Square Garden. The same applies to the Skyline's second-place team, Utah State, and to independent St. John's.

One feature of this year's NCAA tournament that has already caused considerable critical comment in coaching circles—and does appear to be unfair—is the fact that three former members of the defunct Pacific Coast Conference have been invited—California, USC and Oregon State. No one disputes Cal's right to appear, but the inclusion of the other two can be logically attacked. Oregon State has been invited as an at-large member because it has been functioning this season as an independent. USC has been part of a loose association of former PCC members who call themselves the Big Five. But since a conference must have at least six schools in order to be recognized officially by the NCAA, USC has also been invited as an at-large team. Obviously, as far as basketball is concerned, it is to the advantage of all three schools never to

join a recognized conference and continue to be eligible for at-large berths in the championship tournament. It would appear that the proper solution for the NCAA would be to cut down on West Coast at-large entries and simply have fewer teams in the western half of the draw.

Despite this minor disturbance, the tournament cannot fail to be a success artistically and financially. All four regional championships cities—Charlotte (N.C.), Louisville, Manhattan (Kan.) and Seattle—have already demonstrated in previous tournaments that local basketball interest is as high as anywhere, and certainly the Cow Palace will be sold out well in advance of the final two nights.

The sport has grown tremendously in the past few years. Many proofs can be offered to support this—increased attendance (from 10 million to 15 million in the last five years), the flock of new, magnificent stadiums, the number of coaching and player clinics. But surest of all is the fact that today the competition among 1,940-odd colleges for good high school players matches the mad scramble for football players. Hardly a school has still to discover that winning basketball pays off in prestige and in cold cash. Basketball is now a major sport at more schools than any other activity. **END**



Andy Wicks

UTAH

Skyline
W 24, L 2

Coach Gardner

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Andy Schreffels

UTAH STATE

Skyline
W 22, L 4

Coach Baker

Lack of depth a fatal weakness over long season, but first six have very smooth combination involving crisp passing into elusive scoring positions. Only fair size compensated for by aggressive board-work of three men.



Len Linscott

WAKE FOREST

Atlantic Coast
W 21, L 7

Coach McHenry

Progress of sophomores key to fine streakman. Excellent size, rebounding and shooting array. Center Chappell, Guard Billy Fowler, Forward Dave Budd very consistent, others erratic. Real power in front line.



Jerry Mann

WEST VIRGINIA

Southern
W 24, L 4

Coach Schaas

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Overmatched, the NBA concedes to Archie

**Light Heavy Champ Moore,
with aid from his corner,
wins back the undisputed title**

WHEN the National Boxing Association observed St. Valentine's Day last month by withdrawing recognition of Archie Moore as light heavy-weight champion, the national reaction was as if it had sent one of those sick-humor valentines to a bishop. Everybody laughed but Archie, who knows how to take advantage of a situation like that. Having learned a bit about acting by playing Jim in *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, and aware that no other champion has more friends, Old Arch cunningly played Camille. Coughing up tomato ketchup, he took to his bed and, rolling his big brown eyes in anguish, issued a few thoughtfully composed dying statements. His manager, Doc Kearns, took the cue from Arch and sobbed that he would demand justice from the United Nations, or maybe Jimmy Hoffa. In all public utterances, both men innocently mispronounced the name of the NBA president, Tony Macaroni, as if it were spelled Macaroni. Some ribald humor was extracted from the fight that Macaroni is an undertaker.

By the time these two magnificent men were through with the NBA, that badgered body, rocked by the recent resignation of California, was wishing it had kept its big mouth shut. The specious excuse for depriving Archie of his title was that he had not signed to defend it within the mandatory, but usually dilatory, six-month period and that, specifically, he had ignored the NBA order that he defend it against Harold Johnson and no other.

As the NBA well knows, it's a rare champion who defends every six months nowadays, and it is all but unprecedented for a commission to insist on a particular opponent. Usually three top challengers are designated and the champion is ordered to take his pick from among them. The reason for this is that a promoter, and a champion as well, must have a little bargaining leeway. Some challengers, like Johnson, just don't draw well: indeed, Johnson draws so poorly that he was able to get only two fights in 1989. His style just does not bring a crowd up cheering from its seats. And Archie has beaten Johnson four times in five fights.

PENNSYLVANIA PRESSURE

The real, not the phony, reason for the NBA's insistence on Johnson is that he is a Philadelphian, and the Pennsylvania boxing commission lately has been showing signs that it might follow California out of the NBA. Pennsylvania has not had a big fight since its commission a few years ago enlisted in a campaign against mobsters. Immediately Pennsylvania became forbidden territory to the mob guys and their friend, James D. Norris. The boycott seems to be still in effect, and the commission seems to be under some pressure to bring a big fight into the state.

So the decision to strip Archie of his title was patently a political sop to Pennsylvania.

Unassisted by anyone who understood the motives behind its precipitate action, the NBA was counter-punched silly. This weekend its executive committee met in New York to study how it could extricate itself from its self-made cul-de-sac.

Who showed it the way out? Archie

continued

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Illustration: Norman Rockwell

BOXING continued

and Doc showed it the way out. Like Napoleon, Kearns is a master at giving the enemy a road to retreat along. Admitted late in the day to the executive session, Kearns Manfully apologized to the committee for having kept it in the dark about Archie's plans. While the NBA was threatening expulsion, he explained, he and Archie had been in the thick of negotiations of a most delicate nature, premature revelation of which could have wrecked them. They had been negotiating, on the one hand, for a defense against Erich Schoppner of Germany, ranked No. 2 behind Johnson, and, on the other hand, for a shot at Ingemar Johansson's heavyweight title. When it seemed that the Johansson shot would be unavailable they had closed with Humbert J. Fugazy, presumptive promoter of the Johansson-Patterson fight, for a Moore-Schoppner match.

The NBA breathed a sigh of relief. The way to retreat was now open. It could save its face, though its rear might be chewed up a little. Kearns had apologized, had he not?

Sternly, with Pennsylvania in doubt, the NBA announced it was withdrawing its withdrawal, provided that Moore and Schoppner posted bonds of \$5,000 apiece to guarantee that the winner would sign to meet Harold Johnson still in the No. 1 challenger after Moore and Schoppner got through with each other.

The Moore-Schoppner fight is expected to take place this summer at Roosevelt Stadium in Jersey City, N.J. There will almost certainly be a return-bout clause to cover Archie. In the event that Schoppner wins, and in that case Harold Johnson would seem to be at least a year away from his chance at the title.

The NBA then picked up another thorny rose—the problem of what to do about Hurricane Jackson. After Eddie Machen brutally battered him into a 10th-round TKO in November 1957, Jackson was banned in California and New York. At that time California was still in the NBA and sister NBA states were permitted to honor the ban, but Jackson managed to get a few fights in such outposts as Boise, Idaho and Sherbrooke, Quebec. Now California is out of the NBA, and that organization was will-

ing to take a second look at Hurricane's situation.

George Gainford, who had picked up Hurricane's contract, presented the testimony of five physicians that the boxer was in fine physical condition, thus begging the question. The problem is not Hurricane Jackson's physical condition, which must be superb or he would not have been able to survive such beatings as he endured at the hands of Machen and Floyd Patterson, but his retarded mental condition. As Patterson once



FORLORN CHALLENGER Harold Johnson must await his new chance at champion.

said, "Some day a few years from now they'll point a finger at Jackson and say he's punch-drunk. Then they'll blame boxing for it. But I knew him well before he had more than some preliminary fights. Boxing has nothing to do with it."

Gainford promised that he would not overmatch Jackson against the likes of Patterson and Machen, and that he would retire the fighter if he showed signs of being hurt. The NBA then tossed the hot biscuit to the Pennsylvania commission, with a flattering request that it give Jackson still another physical examination by its highly regarded medical board. Pennsylvania's Al Klein said he would be glad to oblige.

As for Archie, he sent word from his Salt Mine training camp near San Diego that all was forgiven and the NBA can come home now if it likes. He has withdrawn his refusal to recognize the NBA.

END



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Swinging down the Lane

Alleys have become lanes, and a strong appeal to the family trade has made bowling a \$1 billion industry

BIG, bright, clean and colorful, packed with kids and their parents, the modern bowling establishment is a vivid contrast to its counterpart of the recent past. The alleys of only 10 years ago presented a picture of dust and gloom where a predominantly adult male clientele scowled over heavily scuffed boards and, crouching in the dark compartments behind their battered pins, the pin boys scowled back.

Nowadays nobody scowls. The pin boy has been replaced by an automatic device credited with triggering bowling's amazing growth into a \$1-billion-a-year business. Delighted bowling alley proprietors, many of them name athletes like the six below, pictured when they attended a Brunswick-Balke-Collender sales convention, are pulling in as much as 13% profit on their investments. Shares of the two major equipment suppliers, American Machine & Foundry and Brunswick, are riding high in a stock market that is generally low. The happiest social factor is bowling's powerful appeal to the young. Ten years ago the American Junior Bowling Congress, for bowlers 18 years and under, had only 24,080 members but today it lists more than 300,000. The fact that mother and dad also get a kick out of the game has given bowling a population explosion all its own. With 26 million bowlers in the U.S., it ranks as one of this country's most popular participant sports. As the color pictures on these pages indicate, bowling is a family event that may soon draw better than Sunday dinner.

CHATTER AND FUN are enjoyed by youthful bowlers at the 44-lane Cotton Bowling Palace in Dallas, which includes nursery, barber shop, beauty salon and restaurant.



FAMILY SPORTS TOOLS and new progressions include football's Bobby Layne and L. O. Dugas, bowling's Don Carter and

baseball's Mickey Vernon, Stan Musial and Yogi Berra. All wear masterboards, snap equipment at Brunswick convention.





TOTS AND TEEN-AGERS abound in Dallas alleys. Above: Nancy Kay Genter, 8, helps her father's friend, Raymond Ballentine, keep score. Opposite: two youngsters talk while others prepare to bowl and check scores.



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The master traders

Others have the reputation, but the Giants, year in and year out, make the best trades

THE SMOKY HAZE of publicity has illuminated the many trades of Frank Lane and the warm, fraternal swaps between the Yankees and Kansas City. But few people are aware that for some years now the Giants (first in New York and then in San Francisco) have been making baseball's most successful deals. A trade won them a pennant in 1951. A trade won them a pennant in 1954. A trade almost won them another last year. Now two trades, completed this winter, have made them favorites to win the pennant this year.

From the Baltimore Orioles they got Billy O'Dell, at times one of the best left-handers in baseball, and Billy Loes, an excitable but often competent right-hander. For these two pitchers the Giants parted with Jackie Brandt, a young and skillful but expendable outfielder, and two lesser players. From the St. Louis Cardinals the Giants acquired Don Blasingame, an exceptionally gifted second baseman who should be just what the porous Giant infield needs, giving in return their own second baseman, Daryl Spencer, a good hitter but a sometimes erratic fielder, and another expendable outfielder, Leon Wagner. Thus the Giants greatly strengthened their two weak spots of last season—pitching and defense—at the expense of one somewhat questionable infielder and two reserve outfielders.

Successful trades like these are complicated, time-consuming affairs, worked to profitable conclusions with great patience. Both were completed in December, but they had their beginnings long before. The Blasingame deal was discussed briefly at the end of the 1958 season. Talks were resumed during spring training of 1959,

then dropped until World Series time. The two teams came closer by long-distance phone and finally reached agreement at the winter meetings in Florida.

The O'Dell-Loes deal, a particularly good example of the planning and patience that the Giants put into a trade, was born last August in an office in Seale Stadium, San Francisco. Present were Horace Stoneham, president of the club; his nephew Chub Fenney, vice-president; Tom Sheehan, chief scout; Frank Shellenback, special pitching coach; and Carl Hubbell, farm director. Sheehan, Shellenback and Hubbell were sent off to the American League to scout the White Sox and Indians for the World Series (the Giants were leading the National League at the time) and also to make a careful study of American League pitchers. With the interleague trading period coming up in the fall—three weeks when the National and American Leagues could trade freely with each other—Stoneham and Fenney wanted to be well informed about pitchers, a pressing Giant need.

The three scouts reported back to San Francisco in mid-September. Another meeting was held, and the five men, plus Manager Bill Rigney, outlined some tentative trades. The White Sox, the Giants felt, might want an outfielder. So might the Yankees. The Giants knew Detroit would love to have either First Baseman Willie McCovey or Orlando Cepeda, who plays both first base and the outfield. Chances were good the Tigers would offer a top pitcher, say Frank Lary or Jim Bunning. But at this meeting in mid-September the Giants decided that they would trade neither Cepeda nor McCovey.

Of the eight teams in the American League, the one best suited for the Giants to deal with was Baltimore. The Orioles had a wealth of fine

continued



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BASEBALL continued

young pitchers—Milt Pappas, Jerry Walker, Billy O'Dell, Jack Flaker. They needed outfielders, and because the Giant farm system had produced an extraordinary number of good young outfielders San Francisco had outfielders to spare. The Giants began planning trades with Baltimore.

Two weeks later the Giants had collapsed, the Dodgers had won the pennant, and Stoneham and Feeney were in Chicago, watching the first game of the World Series. The fourth



BOBBY THOMPSON won a pennant, but trading him brought the Giants another.

inning had just ended when Paul Richards, manager of the Orioles, stopped by the Giant box along the first-base line. The Giants, of course, were hardly surprised. Baltimore, too, was looking ahead to 1960. Richards asked Stoneham and Feeney if the two teams could get together for a little chat when the Series moved to Los Angeles. Swell, said the Giants.

In Los Angeles, Carl Hubbell, an old pitcher, talked with Paul Richards, an old catcher. Chub Feeney talked with Lee MacPhail, Baltimore's general manager. Feeney consulted Stoneham. The World Series ended without any definite agreement, but each team had a good idea what players the other wanted.

Meanwhile, the Giants had other offers for Brandt, who was obviously one of the available outfielders. The White Sox offered Billy Pierce or Dick Donovan, and for a long time

the Giants considered it. The Pirates offered Rosnie Kline, and the Giants smiled.

At Thanksgiving, Staneham and Feeney flew East for a dinner. Not just by chance, MacPhail went up to New York from Baltimore. It was at this time that the three men agreed upon the two key figures in the trade: O'Dell for Brandt. The matter of extra players was left open until everyone went to Florida for the winter meetings. There the final talks between the Giants and Orioles went smoothly, with one exception. Both



JOHNNY ANTONELLI, whom the Giants got for Thomson, became their star pitcher.

sides had gathered at the Giants' suite in the Soreno Hotel, and newspapermen from both cities were waiting expectantly outside. Suddenly Paul Richards walked in and told MacPhail the Giants had a young catcher he liked, and he wanted him included in the trade. Negotiations hung in mid-air while this new facet of the deal was discussed privately by each side. Finally the trade was settled—O'Dell and Low for Brandt, an obscure pitcher named Gordon Jones and a minor league catcher named Roger McCardell. "Done," said Chub Feeney. "Done," said Lee MacPhail.

This transaction illustrated a key reason why the Giants have been so successful with their trades. Brandt has wonderful promise, and the Giants hated to let him go. But in any trade if you want something good

continued

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BASEBALL continued

you have to give up something good. The Giants are keenly aware of this. They have been doing it for years.

After the 1949 season, the Giants knew they had to make a change. They had a team of heavy-footed sluggers who had set a major league home-run record in 1947 but who had finished fourth, fifth and fifth in successive seasons. At the December 1949 winter meetings the Giants, badly in need of a good second-base combination, talked to the Boston Braves, who were looking for power. After a dozen or so talks, the clubs made the biggest major league trade in years. The Giants got Alvin Dark and Eddie Stanky, the shortstop and second baseman who had helped the Braves to the 1948 pennant. In return the Giants gave the Braves Willard Marshall, Sid Gordon, Shortstop Buddy Kerr and a pitcher named Sam Webb. It looked like a lot to give up, perhaps too much. Marshall and Gordon had driven in 160 runs between them the year before. When the Braves opened the 1950 season in the Polo Grounds and crushed the Giants 11-4 and 10-6, The New York Times called the trade "an impulsive mistake." But the Giants straightened out. They came on with a rush to finish third in 1950, and they won the pennant the following year. Bobby Thomson's home run was the dramatic blow in 1951, but Dark and Stanky were the key men both years.

The Giants slipped to second in 1952 and all the way to fifth in 1953. Their two big pitchers of 1951, Sal Magie and Larry Jansen, began to show their age. Again the Giant front office went to the Braves, by then of Milwaukee. They took a young bonus left-hander, Johnny Antonelli, and parted with their legendary Bobby Thomson, who had driven in over 100 runs three years in a row. It was a high price to pay for an unproven pitcher, but Antonelli won 23 games in 1954 and the Giants won another pennant.

Last spring the Giants were again woefully short of pitchers, so late in March they gave St. Louis two good hitters, Bill White and Ray Jaboniski, for Sam Jones. Sam was pushing 34 and had never won more than 14 games in the majors. The Giants hated to trade White (who hit .302 for St. Louis), Agate it was a gamble,

but Jones won 21 games for the Giants, starting and relieving, and it was hardly his fault that the team, with the pennant seemingly in hand, lost seven of its last eight games to finish third.

There are some trades the Giants would just as soon forget, most notably the one in which they sent Red Schoendienst to Milwaukee for Ray Crone, Danny O'Connell and old alumnus Bobby Thomson. Schoendienst helped win two pennants for the Braves, but the others did almost nothing for the Giants. The Giants can console themselves with the knowledge that when they obtained Schoendienst from the Cardinals a



DON BLASINGAME, from St. Louis, is superior second baseman the Giants needed.

year earlier in exchange for Alvin Dark, they also got a young fellow named Jackie Brandt, who, of course, has provided them with two new pitchers for 1956.

So now the Giants face the new season with a pitching staff—a good pitching staff—made up in large part of players from other teams. Antonelli is from Milwaukee, Jones from St. Louis, O'Dell and Loes from Baltimore, Stu Miller and Jack Sanford from Philadelphia. With hitters like Mays, Cepeda, McCovey and Kirkland to provide runs, and fielders like Davenport, Bessoud and Blasingame to prevent them, it looks like a fine year, probably a pennant year, for San Francisco's cosmopolitan ball club. Should the Giants fail to win, you can bet they will go right on trading until they do.

END

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Peach fantasia

This dessert by a great Swedish restaurateur provides a fitting climax to a dinner party

I MIGHT NEVER have experienced the unique combination of *Savory* contained in pearled peaches Princess Margaretha had it not been necessary to charm my diplomatic uncle. He was, at the time, the U.S. Minister to Sweden. My husband and I had arrived in Stockholm in late August 1939, a period of developing European war and mounting problems for Uncle Fred [the late Frederick A. Sterling] at the embassy. Tormented by swarms of stranded American tourists, he greeted my arrival on the scene with marked lack of enthusiasm. He was not a bit encouraged to learn that his niece had writing assignments from several U.S. publications—assignments that might call for his help in arranging introductions and filling me in to some extent on Swedish affairs.

I decided that it was necessary to do something special to win over Uncle Fred. And what better than to arrange a dinner party?

My husband and I issued our invitation from the tiny quarters we were occupying at the Grand Hotel. And on an appointed day we dined a cheap lunch of meat balls and aquavit and walked to what was then the greatest restaurant of all northern Europe, the Opera Källaren, as expansive as a DeMille movie set to our unaccustomed eyes—and every bit as expensive. The great, kindly presence who received us was no less than Waldemar Ekengård, the proprietor. (Alas that he is dead now, and the restaurant closed!)

Mr. Ekengård sat with us and spoke in English, closing his eyes: "We will plan the dinner backwards, beginning with the fact that your aunt likes to drink pink champagne. So I shall make for you my *pêches pochées* for dessert. I will show you, and you will say yes." With this he clapped his hands, and minions arriving with chafing dish and a variety of exotic ingredients produced the tour de force which is shown in preparation on the opposite page. We had to pronounce the dish as delicious as it was spectacular.

The night for the dinner arrived. We began with piles of *kräffe* (a variety of eel-fish), that crunchy, hot-house-size summer lobster. We proceeded to the greatest game bird of northern Europe, *ore*, or blackcock, served

with a purée of rose hips and potatoes Anna. We finished with these heavenly peaches, dressed with preserves and toasted almonds, heaped over ice cream and flambéed in cognac and kirsch. All through the meal we drank an *œuf de pédriz* Moët & Chandon champagne, 1928, deep rose in color and absolutely perfect. Perhaps needless to relate, the evening was altogether successful in softening my uncle's heart, and I had no difficulty thereafter with my writing assignments.

Ekengård named his great dessert for Swedish Princess Margaretha, who is married to Prince Axel of Denmark. She and her sisters, the late Queen Astrid of the Belgians and the late Princess Martha of Norway, as young women all attended the famous Stockholm cooking school run by Jenny Åkerström. When Mrs. Åkerström put together a book of recipes, she called it *Prinsessornas Kokbok*, or *The Princesses Cook Book*, in honor of her royal patrons. Considered a classic on the national cuisine, the book is reprinted regularly in Sweden and appeared in the U.S. in an English translation in 1936. It is interesting to note that *The Princesses Cook Book* contains no peach dessert similar to Ekengård's.

His recipe, as given below, calls for poaching the fruit only long enough to allow removal of the skins. Thus the peaches retain a delightfully fresh taste and normal fresh fruit color rather than taking on the darker appearance and syrupy flavor of cooked peaches. The harmonies of taste, texture and temperature of the fruit, ice cream, preserves, almonds and burned-over spirits simply have to be experienced to be appreciated.

The dessert is best made with fully ripened fruit of a white freestone variety such as the peaches brought in at this time of year from Chile and available a little later on from Georgia and other growing areas of the U.S.

POACHED PEACHES PRINCESS MARGARETHA

Allow one fresh, ripe, white peach per person. Pouch these in slightly sugared boiling water, flavored with a piece of vanilla bean, for about two minutes, or just long enough to permit easy removal of the skins. Turn off heat. Pick out the peaches with a ladle, slip off their skins and immerse them again in the liquid to keep warm (and to prevent exposure to air, which would darken the fruit). If the liquid is allowed to cool, warm up before serving time.

At serving time, have ready a chafing dish (or thick pan on the stove) and three jars: strawberry, Bar-le-Duc (or currant jelly) and a preserve of green-gage plums. Put a teaspoon of each jam per person into pan, and heat well over the fire together. Add the warm peaches, drained. Now, without stirring, pour on cognac and kirsch—about two tablespoons of each per person—and set alight.

Meanwhile, have a serving of vanilla ice cream put on each plate. Over each serving quickly ladle a peach and a portion of the flaming sauce. As a final touch, sprinkle with a few sliced, toasted almonds, and serve immediately.

Photograph by Louise Dahl-Wolfe
Serving Dish: from David Teller

MAIN DISH combines peaches, three different preserves, almonds and ice cream, flambéed with cognac and kirsch.



If these trout could talk ...

they might say

- *The basic theories of fish management are wrong*
- *Hatchery trout aren't worth the money*
- *There is no such thing as a fished-out stream*
- *Bag limits don't make sense*
- *Size limits should be abolished*
- *Most fishermen can't fish*

Photograph by Roman Viskolac

FOR FURTHER DETAILS, SEE NEXT PAGE



The trout's mouthpiece

THE mute trout shown on the preceding pages—male and female in the first act of the spawning process—have no voices with which to express themselves on the subject of man and his works as they apply to trout. They do, however, have Dr. Paul Robert Needham (below), on whose unique experimental station on Sagehen Creek in the California Sierra these pictures were taken. And with Dr. Needham around, what trout needs to talk?

There is probably no man in the world who knows more about these fish, and certainly no one who can express himself better on the subject. A deceptively gentle-looking, rely-poly zoologist at the University of California, Dr. Needham has spent most of his 58-year lifetime studying trout and developing explosive opinions about them. He believes, and backs up his beliefs with factual research, that most of the methods now practiced in the name of fish management to insure the continued satisfaction of the fisherman's enormous appetite for fish are ridiculous, wasteful and morally degrading.

Dr. Needham does his best to bring the knowledge he has gained to the attention of fishermen, as well as fish and game professionals but, curiously enough, he has found they hate to listen. Fishermen live by fixed beliefs handed down through generations, and their opinions are hard to budge, even when they are faced with indisputable evidence. On Sagehen Creek not long ago, for example, Dr. Needham encountered a disgusted angler, homeward bound after a morning spent in futile lashing of the waters. Dr. Needham listened with a sympathetic smile to the fisherman's complaint that the creek was "fished out." "As it happens," he said, "we're pumping a pool dry

downstream. Care to have a look?"

The fisherman did, and while he watched, four graduate students of Dr. Needham's staff pumped out the pool. As the water level sank, the surface was shattered by more and more skittering fish. When they had been carefully netted, anesthetized with Chlorotone, weighed and measured, Dr. Needham turned to the frustrated angler. "That makes 48 fish over six inches," he said, "including a 2½-pound brown trout. Not bad for a fished-out pool, is it?" The fisherman said not a word. It was a pool he had fished in vain that morning.

"You know," said Dr. Needham after the angler had departed, "he saw all those fish, but I don't think he really believed it. He'll probably go home and boiler for more fish plants. He'll still say this creek is fished out. But there are more than 8,000 trout over four inches long in Sagehen in the five miles above the highway. And there hasn't been any stocking here since 1951. The plain truth is that, except in very special circumstances, I don't believe a stream can ever be fished out. It's just that most fishermen don't know how to fish."

The statistics bear out Dr. Needham's statement. A study by the California Department of Fish and Game showed not long ago that 65% to 75% of all fishermen do not—and apparently cannot—catch any fish at all even when hatchery fish are dumped into the stream right in front of them. Five percent of the fishermen—the real experts—catch 25% of the fish; 10% account for half the total catch.

There are doubtless a great many fishermen who are secretly aware that they belong to the 45% to 75% who never catch anything, but what annoys Dr. Needham is that their solution to the problem is so often simply

to demand that more fish be planted. "Most of the plants die without getting anywhere near a fisherman's creek," he says, "so why the hell do we keep spending millions of dollars on dead fish?"

PRETTY EXPENSIVE BONS D'OEUVRES

Dr. Needham's splintered protest is well founded. Last year 183 million trout were planted in the U.S., including 20 million catchable trout between six and eight inches long, costing \$4,399,800. The Sport Fishing Institute of Washington, D.C. estimates that 30% of the planted trout are probably recovered by fishermen. "These artificial fish," Dr. Needham says, "probably furnish some food for wild trout—and there are studies indicating that between 75% and 85% of all trout caught are wild trout—but at 80¢ a pound, which is what it costs to stock and raise them, they figure out as pretty expensive bons d'oeuvres. Actually, hatchery-bred trout are liver-fed, inbred mongrels. They cannot compete with wild fish in a mountain stream. I've watched them come up against wild fish, and the wild trout push them around unmercifully."

Dr. Needham has watched trout being pushed around by other trout—right in their own waters. A doctor of fisheries who graduated from Cornell in 1926 after a childhood and youth spent mostly in watching fish, he served variously as a teacher at the University of Rochester, an official with the Bureau of Fisheries in New Jersey and later California and as Chief of Fisheries in Oregon before settling down as professor of zoology at the University of California in 1949. There, when the university acquired the use of a section of national forest which included Sagehen Creek, he got into execution a project which had



A HAPPY SCIENTIST, Dr. Needham wades through Sageshen Creek in search of trout.

ing simmered in his mind. "I felt," he says today, "that I could best serve the university and the state by developing an experimental field station where we could get right in and deep with the fish."

- At Sageshen he and his students constructed a unique observation tank which has been in active use ever since. It is a steel box, six feet long, four feet wide and five feet deep. It sits right in the creek, and the observer, who enters from the top and lies on an air mattress, can look out through Plexiglas windows and see everything that is going on from a fish eye's point of view.

In "the deep freeze," as the box is called by students who have spent many hours in it studying the life of a trout in winter, some myths have been exploded, some new theories substantiated. For example:

- Trout feed all winter long, even when the water is at the freezing point. Stone flies, caddis, May flies and midges are available on the bottom in abundance for food.

- Trout in winter are seriously endangered by ice. Anchor ice, building up from the bottom at the upstream base of rocks, sometimes temporarily dams a stream, cutting off the fish, which suffocate. Frazil ice, tiny spearhead crystals which form in the water, plug the gills of fish, killing them. Dr. Needham knew that in winter 62% of trout under four inches long died; that the mortality rate of trout more than four inches long was even higher, at 80%. Now he knows why.

- Beaver dams are beneficial to trout in forest streams like Sageshen Creek; they spread the water, deepen the aquatic habitat, increase the standing crop of bottom foods, ameliorate the severe conditions of winter. Dr. Needham thinks there should be many more beaver dams on trout streams.

- Trout have a highly developed sense of territorial rights, which has an important bearing on the fate of planted trout. They will defend their particular water against intruders. Thus, when hatchery trout are dumped into a stream, the native wild trout will bar choice food spots to the hapless newcomers, keeping them on the move constantly. Result: those that do not live long enough to starve to death die of exhaustion. Wild trout, similarly transplanted to a strange stream, had the same tough time but, being stronger, were able to survive until they had established themselves.

DOWN WITH "PUT AND TAKE"

These and other observations made in the "deep freeze" confirmed, in some cases, what had hitherto been only surmised (it was the late Dr. Richard B. Miller of the University of Alberta, for instance, who first suspected that hatchery trout were often hounded to death by native fish). They have also led Dr. Needham to reject most of the remedies suggested or employed to prevent "overfishing." He rejects and condemns "put and take" planting except in congested urban areas.

"Many streams being planted today should not be stocked at all," Needham says. "Natural propagation will, in most cases, carry the entire burden of angling pressure."

As for agitation to reduce bag limits, he points out: "Since only the experts ever get a limit of fish, the only

effect of reducing the bag limit would be to reduce the number of fish taken by good fishermen. Bad fishermen would not benefit."

He is also against the school which advocates minimum size limits for trout. "A six-inch limit means that you have to wait until the second year to catch them," he says. "Meanwhile up to 85% will be killed by winter conditions. Why not let the angler catch them as soon as they are big enough to take a hook?"

In the face of what he considers sure proof of the failure of the put-and-take theory of stream planting, Dr. Needham would like to see something constructive done to improve the conditions of our streams—since wild fish, naturally propagated, are the ones that most often end up in the pan. "All any animal needs for success is food, shelter and suitable conditions for reproduction," he says. "If we can—and we can—provide these conditions for trout, we will never have to worry about a shortage of fish. If we provide the right conditions the fish will utilize their habitat to the fullest—living right up to all the board and room there is. We don't give them credit for their efficiency in using their environment."

At present, Dr. Needham says, three-quarters of the money available for improving fishing is spent on hatching and planting. It is high time, he believes, for a re-allocation of these funds, high time to start spending some of the money to improve the streams.

Fortunately, the methods of "helping" streams are known. For example, Needham says, we can improve spawning beds of streams by the simple expedient of dumping in gravel of the proper size. The Sageshen Creek "laboratory" has proved the worth of planting beaver on streams similar to Sageshen with fabulous results in increased number of trout. Long stretches of shallow riffles can be built by rock or log dams to form productive pools. "We know what trout eat," Needham says, "and can introduce their food. The air-borne insects will transport themselves to the new waters to deposit their eggs. If the pools can be produced, the fish will be there." And that, after all, is what everybody wants, including the trout.

END



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

London bridge

DURING MY LIFE I have spent an incredible number of hours getting to bridge games—some of them, I admit, embarrassingly short—but last month I think I broke my record. On a weekend I jetted from New York to London and back just to play three sessions of bridge in England. These were no ordinary sessions, however. I played with Boris Schapiro against the best players in England for the Waddington Cup, emblematic of the British Masters Pairs Championship.

The Waddington is an invitation event, restricted to 22 pairs. Besides myself there were only two other non-British players, C. Delmouly and G. Bourchtoff of France. They won, and that should warn U.S. teams that they will have more to cope with at the World Bridge Olympiad next month than just the Italians. Schapiro and I were top in the second session but did poorly in the first and were lucky to finish ninth.

There were no soft spots in the field. Last year the event was won by Schapiro, playing with Terence Reese. Schapiro asked me to play with him this year because it was thought that Reese would be running the tournament and would be unable to compete. At the last minute, however, he found that he could take part, and he played with Claude Rodrigue. Others in the field included Kenneth Kerotum and Leslie Dodds, who played on the English team that won the World Championship match against the U.S. in 1955 (I met this celebrated pair for the first time in Bermuda in 1959, when our American team won the first World Championship); Harrison Gray and Jeremy Flint, whose team, which includes the Sharples twins, is tied with the team of Reese-Schapiro and Nino Gardener-Albert Rose in the competition for selection of the team to represent England at Turin; the brothers Tarko, Joel and

Louis, who in this event were not playing as partners; and two ladies, Risi Markus and Fritai Gorfos, whose inclusion was a special tribute to them and whose play demonstrated that they well deserved it.

This was one of the hands that brought the French pair an excellent score:

Even if they had been defeated on this hand (as Boris and I were), their five-spade contract was well-judged; five hearts was unbeatable. But things happened.

West opened with the club queen, and continued the suit. South trumped, led a spade to dummy's king and ruffed dummy's remaining club. Next, he led a low heart.

West went up with the queen, and East, with mistaken generosity, permitted him to hold the trick. West, never dreaming that the ace was in danger, assumed that East had the blank ace of diamonds. In order to leave partner with an outcard, West shifted to a diamond, so that, after winning the supposed ace, East could safely return another heart.

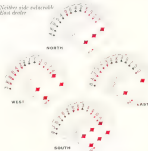
But the diamond lead caused West to lose an otherwise sure trick and let declarer make his five-spade contract.

East should have overtaken the queen of hearts. Surely, if South had the heart king, he would have led a heart from the dummy toward his own hand. Thus East should have known there was no danger in overtaking West's queen but great danger in allowing him to hold the lead. A heart continuation or a diamond shift from East would have insured the defeat of the contract.

EXTRA TRICK

When you are sure of the right defense and not sure that partner is equally aware of the situation, take the play away from him if you can safely do so. It's better to prevent a mistake than to bawl partner out for having made one.

Neither side vulnerable
East dealer



EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
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2♥	2♠	PASS	PASS
3♥	PASS	PASS	PASS

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Starting in traverse, Willy lifts downhill ski and steps toward fall line. Note that hands are low, arms relaxed for balance.



Pushing off uphill ski, Schaeffer shifts his weight over to the downhill ski, which is flat on snow so that edges do not catch and cause a sudden spill.

Stepping back onto his other foot, Schaeffer continues through arc of turn, repeating stepping movements until he is safely past the fall line.



Ski Tip

by WILLY SCHAEFFLER

QUESTION: Is there any sure, easy way for a novice to make a turn in the heavy snow and breakable crust that one finds in spring skiing?

Answers: There are at least two ways an inexperienced skier can make a turn under such conditions. One is to do a series of three or four quick little jumps, lifting the tails of the skis close to the fall line in the first jump, then just through the fall line and finally out onto the opposite traverse. This can be done with or without poles, and it also gives the novice an idea of the movements he will use when he tries his first *Sprungwechsell* turns (SI, Nov. 30 & Dec. 7, 1959). However, a real beginner may be reluctant to try any sort of jump. If so, he should use the technique shown here: the step-step turn, in which the skier, moving slowly, simply walks through the arc of his turn.

Illustration by M. J. Jones



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GUN DOGS

continued from page 31

people watched him perform, and at times the mounted gallery stretched a full half mile.

Like the Grand Junction trial, the National Shooting Dog Championship is run on a private estate. L. B. Maytag, who founded the event in 1950, each year turns over the 14,000 acres of his Sedgefields Plantation (S), Feb. 25, 1957) to its running—and also sees to it that the event is as festive as any similar occasion might have been in the South of ante-bellum days. With a half ton of barbecued pork, steaming cauldrons of Brunswick stew and countless receptions and cocktail parties, it is small wonder that the championship is attended year after year by nearly 1,000 people. "This," said Henry P. Davis, veteran judge of many trials, "is the end result of shooting dog stakes. Here a man brings his dog and runs it or comes to watch while a friend runs it for him. Everyone has a good time, everyone sees great bird work and everyone wants to come back next year."

END



For **SWO DOGS** Home Again, Mike (top) and Storm (bottom) won at Grand Junction and Union Springs against odds.

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A WORTHY TROPHY: the author's Crimean stag lies dead in the forest as Thayer and Filip Petrov, the director of the game preserve, pose for an album picture.

A VERY

A diplomat-sportsman accepts an invitation from Mr. K to go hunting in the Crimea

by CHARLES W. THAYER

WHILE I WAS DINING with Nikita Khrushchev several months ago in the company of former Governor Averell Harriman, the Soviet premier criticized one of my personal friends. I took exception, and a slight wrangle ensued. But then, as Khrushchev is apt to do at the height of an argument, he suddenly became all smiles and asked solicitously: "What is your profession, Mr. Thayer?"

Slower than he to cool down, I answered curtly: "Fish." Khrushchev said he disliked fishing, and to head off another tussle Governor Harriman added quickly: "But he also hunts."

"Why don't you hunt in the Soviet Union?" Khrushchev asked.

"Because every time I try I am refused a visa," I answered.

"You are invited," Khrushchev said, unabashed.

A few months later I returned to Moscow with my wife to take up the invitation.

It was not the first time I had hunted in the Soviet Union. Before the war I had shot woodcock in Moscow's suburbs, duck along the Volga at Kazan, antelope on the desert shores of the Caspian and pheasant in Dagestan in the eastern Caucasus. But in those days all my shooting had been very much improvised and without the benefit of a Kremlin patron. I was, therefore, uncertain what to expect from Mr. K's invitation.

Thus, when my wife and I arrived at the Moscow airport, we were prepared for everything from snipe to Siberian tiger. She had a double-barreled Belgian .35 caliber rifle with a four-power scope. I had an old Model 34 Winchester .39-06 with a similar scope and both 150- and 220-grain

SOVIET STAG PARTY

ammunition. Later the Winchester Arms Company sent me a new Alaskan Winchester Magnum .338. We also had shotguns, binoculars, fur caps, fur boots, fishing boots, stalking boots and enough winter clothing to outfit an arctic expedition.

A VERY DIFFERENT RUSSIA

During the years I had been stationed in the American Embassy at Moscow before World War II the importation of firearms and ammunition was strictly forbidden by Soviet customs. The regulation still exists but Mr. K's Russia of 1939 is very different from Mr. Stalin's of 1935. The numbers of my rifles were registered by the customs authorities, but my shotguns were ignored altogether. Only an aluminum case of fishing rods aroused any curiosity, and when I showed its contents to an inspector he simply shook his head at the odd Americans.

True to Mr. Khrushchev's word, Estovist, the Soviet travel agency, welcomed us and promised to arrange the "household" aspects of the trip. The Ministry of Agriculture, under Vladimir Matekevich, promised to handle the "technical" side of the hunting. It was suggested we go first to the Crimean State Game Reserve to shoot stag. From there we could go on to explore the Caucasus Mountains and the Transcaucasus for trout fishing. Then, they said, there would be some moose shooting in northern Russia. Finally, if all went well, there would be bear hunting.

There are several types of game reservations in the Soviet Union. The most carefully controlled are the State Game Reserves (Zapovedniki), which correspond roughly to our national parks. The forests are left in their natural state and no lumbering is permitted except to clean up windfalls and other obstructions. Shooting of all sorts is strictly regulated, and even bikers must have permission to enter the reserve.

Another type of reservation is the

Timber and Hunting Domains. These are large forest areas where selective lumbering and hunting are carried on. The government also maintains game sanctuaries where certain types of wildlife are protected. Other areas are assigned to hunting societies, with shooting limited to members. Finally, there are "free areas" where anyone can hunt and lumbering is unrestricted. Practically all of European Russia

THAYER ON RUSSIA

Writer (Diplomat and other books), ex-Foreign Service Officer (Germany and Russia), Charles Thayer here presents the first of several articles on hunting and fishing in the U.S.S.R.

consists of one or another type of restricted area, whereas almost all of Siberia is "free area."

The Crimean Game Reserve, where we were to go first, was originally the private hunting ground of the emars. At the time it consisted of about 25,000 acres. During the Bolshevik Revolution in 1917 it was abandoned, like most other czarist institutions.

But in 1923 it was re-established and its area increased to 75,000 acres, though the herds of red deer for which it had been famous had been decimated and only a few hundred animals had survived. By the time the herds were back to their original numbers, within 20 years, World War II broke out and the reserve was overrun by the Germans and infested with Soviet Partisan troops in the forests. The herds were again annihilated, and by 1945 only about 750 head remained. But today, what with strict measures against poaching, forestry officials estimate there are once again more than 2,500 head of deer in the reserve.

The Crimean red deer is of the European variety (*Cervus elaphus*). It closely resembles the American wapiti, to which it is related, but it is somewhat smaller. The Crimean strain is considerably larger than the western European red deer both in weight and in the strength of its antlers, which may weigh up to 10 or 12 pounds. Near by, along the Sea of Azov, the Crimean deer have interbred with

photo and



THE CRIMEAN HUNTING RESERVE (D) LIES IN A HISTORIC AREA TURNED BY MANY WARS

the Siberian deer or moose, and the cross has produced stags with antlers weighing up to 20 pounds.

Recently Crimean deer herds have been increasing so fast that they are in danger of outstripping the available food supply and degenerating, as their cousins in western Europe have done. However, to the annoyance of Soviet conservationists, sentimental nature lovers backed by academic scientists in Moscow have persuaded the powers that be that kinds must be protected and only stags shot off. The result has been that the balance between sexes has been upset, leaving only one stag for six or seven hinds. This, the conservationists argue, puts such a strain on the stags during the mating season that the herds are in danger of losing their vigor. They hope that soon they will be able to convince the Krenilia that the scientists are talking through their hats. Meantime they are limiting the shooting to about 300 stags each season. High Soviet officials and their guests, as well as foreign paying guests, are the only ones allowed to shoot. It was here that Khrushchev brought Tito to hunt during their historic reconciliation in 1956.

While we waited for the final arrangements for our visit to the Crimean reserve to be completed we visited the Moscow Hunting Society, which had just celebrated its 100th anniversary. (It is thus more than twice as old as the Communist regime.) Its president, Mr. Belyaev, told us over a bottle of wine and a bowl of fresh fruit that anyone may hunt in the Soviet Union provided he passes a simple test and joins a hunting society. The membership fee plus a government tax amounts to about \$3 a year. In the sparsely settled areas of Siberia, where hunting is a business, even these formalities are not necessary.

Every hunting society is assigned a special territory for itself where it "carries on the struggle" against poachers. Although Soviet officials are always reluctant to admit the existence of lawbreakers, it is apparent that poaching is a serious problem throughout the country. More than a million dollars in fines are assessed each year against poachers, and jail sentences are given for repeated offenses. Members of hunt-

ing societies are required to serve several days each year as voluntary game wardens. In addition, the government maintains a force of about 3,600 gamekeepers or jägers to patrol the forests, and a law just passed required all foresters and lumberjacks to enforce anti-poaching laws.

President Belyaev of the Moscow Hunting Society was most enthusiastic about the new trend to promote hunting and conserve game. "Every marsh hen praises her own swam," he admitted but, even allowing for the old proverb, it is a fact that the wildlife in Moscow Oblast (province) has increased substantially in recent years. Moose, red deer, boar and bear are now quite numerous in some areas of central Russia because of the protection they are enjoying. The same is true of small game. Hares and grouse shooting have had a spectacular revival in recent years. This is partly due to the fact that hares have been set out from other areas and gray grouse have been flown in special planes from Tuva-Tuva, 2,500 miles east of Moscow on the Chinese frontier.

Partly, too, the increase in game has been due to the extermination of predators. Until recently foxes were protected in the Soviet Union because of the income the state derived from their skins. But now the conservationists have managed to put through legislation declaring them harmful and even providing bounties for them.

A PLAGUE OF WOLVES

The same is true of wolves. During the war the wolf population in European Russia increased fantastically because hunters were too busy shooting Germans. For a decade after the war the animals did enormous damage both to domestic cattle and to wildlife. Special extermination teams were organized and generous bounties given for all wolves, including cubs, which were killed. Today, Mr. Belyaev said, there is scarcely a wolf left in Moscow Oblast and the extermination teams are virtually unemployed—the only instance of unemployment I heard of in the Soviet Union.

The Moscow Hunting Society, which Mr. Belyaev heads, is the biggest in the Soviet Union, with 45,000 members. It maintains a number of hunting camps, employs its own

gamekeepers and also keeps a kennel of 150 hunting dogs. It is also the richest hunting society, with an income of about \$120,000 a year (at the tourist exchange rate), which it derives from dues, entrance fees to its dog shows and the profits from a factory of hunting and fishing equipment—everything except the guns and ammunition themselves—which it operates. It also runs, at a handsome profit, a sporting goods store known to foreigners as "The Moscow Abercrombie & Fitch."

A few days after our arrival we took off from Moscow airport for the Crimea. We were about a hundred pounds overweight, but when the ticket agent noticed the guns and learned we were hunters he waived the surplus baggage charge.

We landed at Simferopol in the heart of the Crimean peninsula and motored across the mountains to Yalta on the coast of the Black Sea. Next day, after a brief visit to Livadia Palace, once Czar Nicholas II's summer residence, where President Roosevelt lived during the Yalta Conference in 1945, we set out by car for the Crimean State Game Reserve.

The road led steeply up into the mountains behind Yalta, twisting and turning around sharp switchbacks. Ten miles from Yalta we were stopped by a barrier tended by a sleepy-looking peasant. Our chauffeur shouted, "Guests of the government" (a magic formula throughout the Soviet Union), and the barrier was hastily raised to let us pass. Beyond the barrier the road continued its steep climb through a forest of Italian pine and other Mediterranean vegetation. After driving for another 25 miles we crossed the divide, at a height of 5,000 feet. We had passed the tree line, and for miles around there was nothing to be seen but brown, dried-up meadowland.

As we dropped back to the tree line on the northern slope of the mountains, the vegetation became quite different from that on the warm southern slopes. Beech trees had already turned a copper-red. Oaks in their golden autumn foliage and tall white pines and spruce replaced the Mediterranean shrubbery. We circled around a gigantic bowl in the mountains, the rim of which was broken only by a narrow valley leading northward. Frequently we passed

continued

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ROMEO IS THE CHIEF'S DEAN. SAINT COTTAGES OF THE RESERVE THAT THOSE PRIVILEGED TO STAY THERE

STAG PARTY continued

signs exhorting visitors to protect their natural heritage. Almost everywhere were notices forbidding smoking; however, here and there we passed small clearings with a few simple benches and above the benches signs reading "Place for Smoking."

Less than two hours after leaving the coast we reached what our hosts called the "hunting base." We had expected a small cabin or two and were unprepared for the elaborate village which had just been finished to house hunting guests. Ten cottages stood in a large clearing. Each had two double bedrooms, two baths and a wide porch overlooking the valley beyond. Just below them a glass rotunda housed a restaurant, and still farther below, in the woods, were other cottages for the camp personnel.

The manager of the camp welcomed us and explained carefully that the diesel engine which operated the lights and the water pumps was refusing to start. "But we'll have it going in a few minutes," he promised. He introduced us to the director of the game preserve, Filip Petrov. An older man, he was dressed in a dark-brown military rain cape with epaulettes adorned with several gold stars and crossed oak leaves, the insignia of the State Forestry Service. With him were the chief game warden and two gamekeepers, dressed in brown military tunics and slacks trimmed with green. They wore the regular Soviet military cap, and their foot-

wear consisted of light street shoes.

Accustomed as we were to the cracked hats, green breeches and heavy stalking boots of the jägers of Bavaria, where we do most of our shooting, the peaked military caps, the slacks and street shoes of these Soviet hunters seemed rather odd. However, we were to discover even odder things about our hosts. After the introductions I explained that my wife's binoculars were out of order and asked if she might borrow those of her guide. The director and his staff stared at me blankly till I noted that none of them had binoculars or even a gun. Later we found that some did not even carry hunting knives.

It was already past 4 in the afternoon, and without any further preliminaries we set off. My wife, with a guide and our interpreter, went down the mountain; I, with the director and the other gamekeeper, clambered into a green-painted GAZ—an oversized, canvas-topped Soviet version of the jeep—and started up the slope.

For several miles we followed a well-surfaced gravel road, but then abruptly we swung off onto a logging track that led straight up a steep hillside. The GAZ roared and clanked as the four-wheel drive grappled with the slippery mud, and one would have thought that any game within a mile would have taken to its heels in terror. The director, however, assured me the stags were accustomed to the noisy vehicle.

At the top of the hill we stopped, and the little gamekeeper and I

started down the opposite slope on foot toward a clearing where, he said, stags often came to make love in the evening. The gamekeeper lit a cigarette and chattered cheerfully as we hiked through the forest at a brisk clip. Accustomed to the slow, silent stalking of the Bavarian jägers, I suggested we be quieter, but the gamekeeper airily ignored my advice. Not until we approached the clearing did he slow the pace and drop his chatter to a whisper.

It was the middle of the rattling season. Across the valley a stag roared belligerently. Another answered from our side, perhaps a half mile away. I suggested we go after him but the gamekeeper said it was too far.

We circled back around the hillside and then headed up the steep slope back to the car. I was wearing a heavy knee-length shooting coat, woolen breeches and heavy stalking boots. It was a warm evening and I was soon gasping for breath and wet with sweat. I began to wonder whether it had been necessary to weigh ourselves down with all our heavy equipment and glanced enviously at my companion in his light tunic and bell-bottomed slacks. When I stopped to catch my breath he saw my predicament, and with a jauntily amused smile took over the shooting coat.

Halfway up the hill we paused to rest. Everywhere around us I saw the fresh, deep hoofprints of deer. Some of them, big and round, suggested heavy stags.

continued

Just as the gamekeeper lit another cigarette, he glanced over my shoulder and froze. Cautiously I screwed my head around. Thirty feet from us, in a thicket of birch, a hind was staring at us nervously. We sat motionless for several minutes, waiting for whatever stag was currently courting her to make his appearance. My twisted neck began to ache painfully, but I was determined to show my Soviet companion that I knew the stalking business. Then the wind shifted, the hind caught our scent, turned and trotted off into the thicket.

When we returned to the car, Director Petrov, who had been watching us approach, scolded the gamekeeper like a schoolmaster for moving too fast. "The gentleman is not a horse," he said. Later he explained to me that the professional hunting staff of 30 jägers had only recently been recruited and that many of them were new to the fine points of shooting. He himself was an experienced hunter from Kamchatka, where he had made a name for himself as a bear hunter. Proudly he showed me his hands marked with deep scars where a wounded bear had bitten him. "It'll take a year or two to train these young fellows," he said.

We drove along a ridge for a mile or two and then we alighted again. This time Petrov sent me off ahead to

stalk alone while he followed 30 yards behind.

I carefully picked my way along the path, peering through the young growth and listening for the roar of a stag or the click of an antler against a tree. But I heard and saw nothing except for the fresh tracks in the mud all around me. Eventually it became so dark I could no longer see. I waited till the GAZ caught up and then we started down the mountain again.

The driver opened the windshield in front and told me to be ready in case we came across game. I said I understood Soviet laws forbade hunting from a vehicle, but the director said it was only forbidden to chase hares or desert game in cars. Nevertheless, I made up my mind not to shoot from the car, though I kept wondering whether I would have the will power to live up to my resolution if a fine pair of antlers showed up.

The driver turned on a powerful spotlight and, driving with one hand, he swung the light from side to side. Suddenly he swerved off the road, bounced across the ditch and charged into a large meadow. On the far side we caught a glimpse of a group of deer disappearing into the forest. We swung back onto the road, but five minutes later we hurtled into another meadow with the same result. I suggested it was time to go home and the director agreed, but the driver ignored the proposal. He was in full con-

trol and in his element. It was evident that this was not the first time he had jacked stags from the car, and he was determined to show off his skill.

For an hour we plumped up and down hills, dashed through shallow rivers and bounced across meadows. Frequently we spotted the tails of a group of deer running from us, but no big antlers showed up in the beam.

Finally we persuaded the driver to turn homeward. It was 9 o'clock when we reached camp. I found my wife trying to read by the stump of a dwindling candle. The diesel, obviously, was still refusing to start. She told me she had seen several stags as well as two mouflon. But the latter were protected and she had not had time to get a good look at the stage's antlers before they moved out of range.

We picked our way across the newly made muddy lawn to the restaurant. It was supposed to be steam-heated, but with no water there was no heat, so we sat down in our overcoats. The chef, a gold-toothed, friendly young man, proudly invited us to inspect his new kitchen. His prize exhibit was an automatic shashlik even with electrically driven spits to roast mutton. "Shashlik is my specialty, but there's no electric current," he said sadly. Nevertheless, he prepared an excellent meal, which was served by another young man in a dinner jacket and black bow tie.

When we returned to our cottage it was still lightless and waterless, though a large tile stove kept it comfortably warm.

"It's like a Rolls-Royce without a motor," my wife said as we crashed into bed.

We were up at 5 a.m. and ready to start by 6. Again my wife went down the mountain, and I and the director went higher. It was still dark and our driver soon had his spotlight on, operating it with one hand while he held the wheel with the other. Occasionally we spotted a hind darting across the road, but no stags. When it grew lighter we left the car and started stalking along the logging tracks on the mountainside.

Far ahead of us I watched a band of hinds dart across the track. Behind them a pair of large antlers appeared, waving above a thicket of young spruce. Cautiously the stag's snout peered from the trees, but his body remained hidden. Then, with a



THE UNBETTERABLE GAZ. Sober as one of the jeep, phoned through woods to remote game. To its driver, it was point of pride to follow wherever the hunters went.



OUTSIDE RESTAURANT, author's wife passes on way to sample crump cuisine.



INSIDE RESTAURANT, the youthful waiter and chef of the hunting camp stand at attention for their picture. Though guests are infrequent, their meals were excellent.

single bound, he was across the track.

I beckoned the gamekeeper and we started after him. A moment later we heard his challenging roar hardly 200 yards ahead. Because of the heavy brush we could not see him, but periodically he paused to challenge all comers in the neighborhood. We started up the steep hill and my lungs were soon panting and my heart pounding. When we reached the crest we stopped to catch our breath.

Suddenly a bellow broke the silence, so close to me that the stag seemed to be breathing down my neck. I saw a movement on a knoll to my right and gently eased myself behind a large beech tree. Peering around it, I saw the stag standing on the knoll not 80 yards away.

The gamekeeper whispered excitedly, "Be! Be! Be!" (Fire! Fire! Fire!). I took a long look through the scope. I had traveled a far distance to shoot a good stag and I wanted to make no mistake. He was looking straight in our direction, as though he sensed danger. One crown was concealed behind a bush, but on the other I could make out four powerful points.

As I watched he thrust out his big head, laying his antlers back against his withers, and roared a boastful challenge. In the cool morning air a cloud of steam belched from his throat and nostrils. He stamped the ground angrily and started to turn away. I decided to take the chance on the hidden crown. Aiming for

his forehead, I squeezed slowly.

As the shot went off the stag reared, wheeled and disappeared from the scope. Beside me the gamekeeper granted enigmatically and took off across the ravine to where the stag had been. Leaping over logs and boulders, he scrambled recklessly up the knoll. I thought of the old Bavarian tradition of sitting quietly after a shot and smoking a cigarette before approaching your quarry. Even a mortally wounded stag can run several hundred yards before the bullet takes effect.

A TRIUMPHANT SHOUT

Obviously no such tradition exists in the Crimea. The gamekeeper reached the knoll and was looking about as I struggled breathlessly after him, wondering whether the shot had gone home. Then he shouted, unintelligibly but apparently triumphantly, and I knew it had.

When I reached the knoll the gamekeeper pointed to a shallow draw beyond it. At the bottom the stag lay lifeless. From his big head two magnificent curved antlers spread out, at their base as thick around as my forearm. I sat down on a stump, lit a cigarette and tried to conceal my trembling hands from the Soviet gamekeeper.

We hailed the rest of the party, and soon we were all congratulating each other and counting points. It was not the best stag by Crimean standards

but certainly far superior to any I had seen before—except on some German castle wall.

Politically the Russians are not the most ardent practitioners of popular democracy, and in the hunting field they dispense with many of the ancient customs of the chase, but one tradition, I soon learned, they follow rigidly. After every kill they hold a *soviet*, or council. It hardly resembles the puppet councils of the Kremlin's Congress Hall. Everyone speaks his mind and all advice is thoroughly debated.

The problem under consideration at the *soviet* which now began was: what to do with the stag? Should we drag him down the mountainside? Should we take the trophy and send someone back for the carcass? I feebly suggested that in view of the warm weather we should first of all clean the animal. The director agreed, but we were only two votes out of five. As usual, the driver dominated the debate. He said we should get the GAZ to the spot and take the stag home as he was. For 10 minutes the argument raged. Little by little we won over the chief game warden, and with his vote we had a majority. It was agreed to clean the beast at once. Sulky the driver wandered off, vowing he was going to get the GAZ anyway and bring it up to the kill.

The director drew his hunting knife. The gamekeeper produced a small

continued

but sharp penknife. Petrov turned to the chief game warden. "And where is your knife?" he asked peremptorily. The warden mumbled he had not brought one. Angrily, Petrov put on his schoolmaster's tone. "Don't you know you always carry a hunting knife? Never let it happen again!" I produced my own knife and handed it to the warden.

Simultaneously the three of them attacked the stag, one at the throat, one at the tail and the third at the belly. Once again I thought of my Bavarian jägers, who are trained to clean an animal singlehanded, without soiling their white cuffs.

They had just about finished the job when we heard a crashing roar near by and the GAZ appeared, careening along the slope, bouncing over boulders and logs and weaving crazily among the trees. With a triumphant grin, the driver stopped by the carcass. "See?" he said.

The stag was loaded and everyone climbed in—everyone but myself. "I need a little exercise," I said lamely.

The driver looked wounded, but not until the jeep had slid precariously

down to the road did I venture aboard.

When we arrived home my wife was waiting. She told me she had twice been in a position to shoot, but with customary feminine discrimination she had been unable to make up her mind whether the antlers were good enough before the stags had moved out of sight.

That evening we set out again. This time my wife sat next to the driver of the GAZ. When the driver started to open the windshield my wife knew what to expect. "Nyet!" she burst out emphatically. The driver looked hurt again, but this time he fastened the windshield shut without a murmur of protest.

We stopped in a stand of tall beeches, their gray trunks straight and clean. Above, their foliages formed a huge golden-brown ceiling. My wife went off with the gamekeeper while we waited by the car. They had hardly been gone five minutes when a superb great stag stalked leisurely through the tall trees behind his harem of hinds, like a monarch preceded by his pages parading majestically among the Gothic columns of a great cathedral. Occasionally he stopped,

thrust forward his head, laid back his antlers and bellowed thunderously, the last, short, hoarse cries echoing through the forest. Then he resumed his stately march.

He was headed straight for where my wife was waiting, but then the wind changed, he caught her scent and trotted off in another direction behind his half dozen wives.

It was getting dark when we joined my wife again. Together we walked down a wide break in the forest. Suddenly from the bushes another band of hinds emerged and behind them a large stag. He crossed the break so quickly that none of us had a good look at his head. Beyond, in the woods, he stopped to graze, his head behind a large oak.

"Shall I shoot?" my wife whispered. "Nyet," said the director, who couldn't see the antlers.

"Da," said the gamekeeper, supported by the driver and the warden.

Between the chorus of *nyet* and *da* she turned to me nervously. Bowing to the majority, I said, "Take a chance."

She brought up her gun and, aiming carefully in the falling light, fired. The deer started and disappeared in the dusk.

The gamekeepers hurried forward and a moment later one of them shouted: "Down." We found the stag only 10 yards from the shot, a ballet through his heart. The *da*'s had been right. It was a strong crowned stag.

Next morning the camp manager was on hand to see us off. Once again he started to apologize for his recalcitrant diesel generator, but my wife cut him short. "Candlelight is for hunting cabins," she said. "Bath-tubs are for later." He seemed a little less unhappy.

As we were about to depart, Petrov and his staff appeared in the sturdy GAZ. "Won't you go out with us just once more!" they pleaded. Their warm Russian hospitality, the friendliness of this camp far removed from the seats of the Cold War, and the superb sport we had enjoyed for three days made it hard to refuse. But we still had a busy schedule ahead.

Reluctantly we started back to the Black Sea coast.

END



MEMBERS OF THE SOVIET, Director Petrov (left), gamekeeper, GAZ driver and the game warden, gather round for the traditional discussion of next step after the kill.

ANOTHER ARTICLE ON HUNTING IN THE SOVIET UNION BY MR. THAYER WILL APPEAR IN AN EARLY ISSUE

19TH HOLE The readers take over

WINTER OLYMPICS: ON TO INNSBRUCK, SIM:

Living in practically snowless southeastern Pennsylvania and being an ardent fan of winter and cold weather in general, I had never seen so much as a pair of skis, let alone anyone use them, until Squaw Valley. Even the rooms of per Game+ publisher (especially being, but very enjoyable on the double Miss Fitzel) failed to prepare me for the tremendous impact of that magnificent spectacle, the VIII Winter Olympics, presented so brilliantly by CBS and your fine magazine. For sheer sporting pleasure, this combination of coverage has truly never been equaled, surpassing even the lofty heights attained by TV and Sports Illustrated in the Giant-Colts sudden-death game (SI, Jan. 1, 19, '80).

You may be interested in some impressions of a sports lover completely unfamiliar with this type of competition. I thought Holmes and Jackson were unbelievable, likewise the Canadian pairs skaters. The Russians were just slightly fantastic, and words fail me when it comes to our crazy hockey team (wow). However, taking nothing away from them and so many more fine performers, my warmest memories were supplied by the exciting U.S. girls' Alpine team. I shall never forget Penny Pitso's dramatic, split-second-to-leave run and her heart-breaking fall; Betty Seitz's awful crash and her sparkling finish in the slalom; Linda Meyers' understandable pole-bumping rage; or that priceless comment from Jean Harshaw after her fall in the downhill ("I hit the dumb gate").

So, here off to pretty Penny and company. They have risen in this old women's fan deep appreciation and a new interest in winter sports. So much of an interest, I might add, that I have just opened a special savings account to be used for the express purpose of getting me to Innsbruck in 1984. The intensity of my emotions may seem surprisingly out of character to some of my West Chester friends.

ALICE M. DUNSMITH
West Chester, Pa.

Sim:

Your coverage of the Winter Olympics has been nothing short of fabulous. However, there is one statement in your Olympic report (SI, Feb. 25) that really made me chuckle. Roy Turrell says, "America is a land of green grass and blue-sky fields, not of ice and snow, and to Americans, cross-country skiing is an alien's pastime."

Come, come now! Surely you can think of a better excuse for the poor showing by the U.S. skiers than that. Or maybe you just don't know your geography. Just

for Kicks I made a list of all the states which have snow and sliding conditions every bit as good, and in some cases better, than those of Europe, and I came up with 17. Furthermore, those 17 states contain 50 million people, or more than twice the population of all four Scandinavian nations combined.

I believe the poor showing of our North American athletes lies not in our climatic or geographical conditions but rather in our soft way of life. A kid, by the time he is 17, would rather be stung around in a hot rod than out on the ski slopes. Let's face it, we Yanks and Canucks are just enjoying the good life too much to be worrying about whether or not Russia stalks off with all the honors, which she is well on her way to doing. Unfortunately, this makes wonderful propaganda material for the Russians.

JIM BENTON

Winnipeg, Man.

OXYGEN OR PURE GOLD?

Sim:

Did the chemical symbol O, for oxygen, win the Olympic hockey championship or the hunting American players?

Judging from the way the local press and radio have played up this incident, any number of conjectures are suggested. Why didn't the American coach think of oxygen? The elevation of over 6,000 feet is no secret! Did the Russians let us, rather than the Czechs, in on their secret weapon so they would not look bad at home by comparison with their skiers?

Anything that served to demoralize the guts and determination displayed by the American hockey team is, in my opinion, bad taste, stupid and ungentlemanly.

DEAN DILGEMAN

San Francisco

● U.S. Olympic Hockey Coach Jack Riley does not ordinarily have his players take oxygen between periods. Said Riley after accepting Russian Captain Nikolai Sologubov's suggestion, "I think the lift was mostly psychological. I knew the boys appreciated Solly's gesture." Incidentally, Bill Cleary, who accounted for one goal and assisted for three more in the third period of the clinching game, did not take a whiff.—ED.

YOGA: SCIENTIFIC ANALYSIS

Sim:

Regarding the discussion of yoga exercises, the issue raised by Joe David Brown (Yoga Comes West, SI, Jan. 22) and by R. K. Bagchi (1978 HOLA, Feb. 29) is a crucial one: first, whether it is a scientifically proved fact that yoga

continued

Baseball's "SUPREME COURT" Hands Down A Glove Decision

Organized Baseball's Spring Training is an anxious time. Amid cracking bats and cracking bones serious decisions are made. Management takes a long, hard look at veterans and rookies alike.

But judgment is passed on more than players. There's some careful consideration of equipment, too. Major League players serve as a sort of "supreme court" for sporting goods manufacturers, passing judgment on the "old pro" and "rookie" equipment. Last year a glove caused the most commotion.

It's been a long time—some forty years since anything really new in glove design has been offered. But this glove, made by Rawlings Sporting Goods Company, was new, top to bottom. Quickly dubbed the TRAP-EZE, the glove looks like it was made for a six-fingered man. But that sixth finger is actually the top and pocket combined for a really big, secure pocket.

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The heel of the glove is completely new, too. It's U-shaped and narrowed. The wrist is slim for secure fit, and the padding is flat. It has balance, feel, flexibility. It controls easier than any glove ever made.

How did the "supreme court" react? More TRAP-EZE gloves were sold to Major Leaguers than any other kind of glove in any season in Rawlings history. This year it promises to become the dominant glove in the Majors. You'll know why when you see the TRAP-EZE at your favorite sporting goods store. Learn why the pro's say "Rawlings makes the gloves that make the difference."

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IRTH HOLE continued

exercise exert a demonstrable effect upon the heart; second, if such an effect is demonstrable, what is the physiological nature in terms of accepted concepts of cardiovascular physiology.

In regard to the first question, there is no doubt that yoga breathing exercises can influence frequency of heartbeat, force of cardiac contraction and intensity of heart sounds. The first of these phenomena can be recorded with the electrocardiograph, the second with the ballistocardiograph, the third with the phonocardiograph. During inspiration, there occurs an acceleration of the heartbeat, a decrease in force of contraction of the heart muscle and an increase in the loudness of the heart sounds. Correspondingly opposite periodicities characterize the expiratory phase.

Bagchi and Wenger reported observations to the effect that during two yoga exercises, *adipicani* and *jalasana*, heart sounds as well as palpable pulses at the wrists stopped for a few seconds, but that the electrocardiogram did not show changes; in other words, that cardiac impulse formation remained unaltered but that there was an interference with the mechanism by which the impulses elicit mechanical, i.e., hemodynamic action.

That this assumption is not of general validity was shown by W. Hilleman, G. S. Mulroy and W. Spiegelhoff of Cologne ("Stillewechsel, Atmung und Kreislauf," *Deutsche Medizinische Wochenschrift*, 1956), who took electrocardiograms from a yogi who had perfected the respiratory control of his heart to such an extent that he could accelerate, decelerate and even stop his cardiac beat. In this case there was incontrovertible evidence of alteration of impulse formation.

Yoga exercises are so interesting from the point of view of the physiologist because they incorporate unique empirical traditions in a sector of study which has not yet been appropriately analyzed by scientists.

ERNEST JORL

Professor of Physiology

University of Kentucky
Lexington, Ky.

● Bagchi and Wenger did not report that the electrocardiogram "did not show changes," but rather that it did not show actual stoppage of the heartbeat. Very definite changes were recorded.—ED.

SHOW BIRDS: PLEASURE IN BEAUTY

Sir:

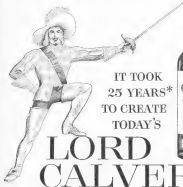
What strange impulse would motivate a person into traveling 1,200 miles, enduring hardships and other inconveniences, just for the "pleasure" of wistfully watching something beautiful (Is *Surreal of Sober Birds*, SI, Feb. 5)?

LOUIS GILLETTE

Atreida, Calif.

● As Virginia Kraft indicated in her article, the sport of hunting rests only

continued



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15TH HOLE continued

1% upon killing game and 99% on stalking and finding that game in its own element where it, and not the hunter, is at the advantage. "If we had traveled 1,200 miles to 'butcher wantonly,'" says the author, "we would most certainly not have ventured beyond our camp with shotguns, since it would have been easy to use the Eskimo's method [for getting food] of killing off an entire flock with rifles or sticks while they slept on the ground."—ED.

Sir:

This picture, which was taken on a skiing tour in the Canadian Rockies, will show how close one can approach a ptarmigan before he will take flight. Here in western Canada we wouldn't think of using firearms against a bird that has very limited flying endurance. It would be unsporting.

Virden, Man.

PAUL L. DOUGET



PTARMIGAN BY THE TRAIL

HOW NOT TO CLIMB A MOUNTAIN

Sir:

Last fall you published a few paragraphs on the tragic death of two students who attempted to scale the Profile face near the Old Man of the Mountain in New Hampshire (EVENTS & DISCOVERIES, Sept. 7). You pointed out that knowledge through books of climbing techniques is no substitute for experience, and that courage without proper equipment can be fatal. Your few words, read by your many readers, may have saved lives.

I recently saw Walt Disney's *Third Man on the Mountain* and was horrified by the realization that this film may be responsible for the death of other courageous but misdirected youths.

I hope that *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* can help make the public aware that none of the feats presented in that motion picture should be attempted by anyone.

It appears to me that instead of giving the audience a true appreciation of the hazards inherent in mountain climbing and the skills developed to reduce these hazards (which could be done by an imaginative presentation of true climbing techniques) the producers have ignored the advice of Gaston Rebuffat, their climbing consultant, and filmed a series of ridiculous rock-climbing moves.

The average viewer will not realize that experienced mountaineers never 1) climb alone; 2) climb without upper or lower belays; 3) have more than one man climb at a time when climbers are roped together; 4) use shoulder belays; 5) haul someone up hand over hand.

I hope **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** can help undo the damage being done by this picture by publishing this letter.

JOHN R. SCOTTARD JR.
Dartmouth Mountaineering Club
Hanover, N.H.

BASKETBALL: MISPLACED STARS?

Sirs:

In a recent article about Georgia Tech basketball (*Poker Kates Beat*, 81, Feb. 15) Jeremiah Tax wrote implied that Indiana is a hotbed of basketball talent. Believe me, there are many Hoosier fans who could convincingly elaborate on that point.

It seems to me that a national basketball writer, such as Mr. Tax, would do well to develop a feature article that might be entitled "Indiana's Misplaced Stars." In this article he could point out the many Hoosier-born players who are making the headlines in various parts of the country. Let me show you what I mean!

Perhaps the most prolific region of the Indiana harvest can be found in the South. As **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** reported, Georgia Tech's Roger Kaiser is one of the most prominent Hoosier talents but certainly not the only one. You could also mention Tennessee's Dalen Shunkahar, Davidson's Jerry Bassell, Vanderbilt's Larry Banks and Bill Johnson, Tulane's Vic Kilmer, Houston's Ted Lukens III and six Miami (Fla.) boys.

But Dixie has no monopoly on the Indiana boys. Utah State has ridden to a national ranking on the backs of Jerry Schofield and Max Perry; Utah has Joe Morton; Nebraska boasts high-scoring stars Herschel Turner and Albert Maxey; Fordham has pivot ace John Coalmon, and Cleveland features a fellow named Omar something-or-other. In case you haven't noticed, this adds up to the fact that five of the current top 10 teams in the nation are led by the "misplaced" stars to which I refer. But this is nothing new. As well as the schools already mentioned, Kansas, Kansas State and several others have long depended upon Hoosier cage stars.

Each year about state tournament time coaches and scouts from all parts of the land descend upon Hoosierland, wielding generous scholarships to help lure the stars to their respective out-of-state schools. Indiana's Big Three—Indiana, Purdue and Notre Dame—also get their share of the cream, and the boys well realize that they can't all be stars at these schools and thus are attracted to less competitive areas.

If it appears to you that I am just another victim of what some call "Hoosier hysteria," you are absolutely correct. But I seriously doubt if many appreciate the merit of my point.

LARRY ROBERT LITTLE, USAF
Waco, Texas



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J. HOWARD STARR

'As it should be played'

Colgate University dedicated a 3,000-seat indoor hockey rink in its new and still-abiding \$1,250,000 field house the other day, and it represented a personal triumph for J. Howard Starr, chairman of the school's physical education department. Colonel Starr coached Colgate hockey teams from 1932 through 1956, except for an interlude in military intelligence in World War II, and led his teams to four intercollegiate championships. But perhaps his greatest problem, in those days of outdoor rinks and, at Colgate, of increasingly warmer winter, was uncertain ice. For this reason,

in 1951 Colgate suspended intercollegiate competition in something like despair, but Starr kept the sport alive through intramural competition—and put his back into alumni efforts toward an indoor rink.

This season Colonel Starr coached the school's first freshman hockey squad in eight years to a winning season, accepted a citation from admiring Colgate officials and alumni for developing "players and teams equal to the best." Said pleased-suspense punch Horrie Starr: "Now the students who love the sport can enjoy the game as it should be played."



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Goalie

Gordie Howe. I've watched him operate both as an opening player and as a team-mate. During my seasons in Boston, Gordie gave me the most trouble of any player. Even now I'm still amazed at Howe's shot—not just the speed of it but also the force. We refer to his kind of shot as "heavy."



GUMP WORSLEY
New York Rangers
Goalie

Bein' Born Geoffrion doesn't have to apologize for his blazer and neither does Jean Beliveau, but when it comes to speed and accuracy, the old man, Rocket Richard, still is as tough as anybody. He can catch those corners blindfolded. I don't care how hard the shot is as long as I can see it.

CONTINUED

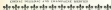


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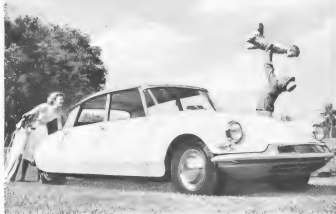
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YESTERDAY

THE FASTEST MAN ON WHEELS

PROFESSIONAL bicycle racing was at its peak in the United States when Marshall Walter (Major) Taylor, one of eight children of a Negro Civil War veteran, won the 1899 world championship and the U.S. title a year later. Newspapers hailed this remarkable young sprinter (he was 21 years old when he became world champion) as the "Fastest Bicycle Rider in the World." Taylor, one of the earliest of his race to become a national champion in any sport, then spent the next four years

touring Europe and Australia. He rode wherever bicycle racing was a major sport and beat every national champion he met.

Although he competed against the best sprinters and middle distance men of the world in open competition (paced and unpaced), match racing was Taylor's forte. This was a style of riding in which each rider jockeyed for a position that would force his opponent to set the pace. At times, both riders came to a standstill, balancing on their wheels with-

out a foot touching the track. The jockeying could go on up to a few hundred yards from the finish line before either rider tried for a break-away. Then, with feet dug into pedals, back humped and hands gripping handlebars tightly, the riders tore around the last turn and into the homestretch. Over the finish line they flashed, maybe inches apart, while the stands rocked with hysteria.

It was only by accident that Major Taylor, the speed phenomenon of his day, became a bicycle racer. After his service on the Union side in the Civil War, Taylor's father became a coachman for the Southards, a wealthy Indianapolis family. As a young boy, Taylor helped his father exercise the horses. The Southards took a fancy to the bright young lad and employed him to be a companion and playmate for their own son, who was the same

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PASTEST MAN continued

age as Taylor. All clothes were provided and the two dressed like twins.

Most of the boys on the Southard side of the tracks had bicycles, and some would let Taylor take turns riding. In no time at all he could ride with the best of them. Then young Southard insisted that his companion have a wheel of his own, and it was bought for him. Shortly afterwards, the Southard family moved to Chicago, and the coachman's son skidded from the dream life of a "millionaire kid" to the prosaic job of errand boy. But he still had his bike.

Taylor was a born trick rider, and he evolved his own routine. He did so well teaching himself that the fancy staff helped get him out of jams when fighting for championships on the tracks of the world. But its immediate reward was a better job. Appropriately, it was in a bicycle shop. His morning chore was sweeping out and straightening up. His afternoons were devoted to trick riding in the street in front of the store in a fancy uniform. The stunt worked out better than Taylor and his boss anticipated, for both received a calling down from the police for drawing crowds that blocked traffic.

AN EYE-CATCHER

One day a beautiful gold medal was put on display in the window. It was to be first prize in the annual 10-mile road race promoted by Taylor's employer, and as Taylor later wrote in his autobiography, "I just couldn't keep my eyes off it." Once he got up the nerve to pin the medal to his lapel and stratted before a mirror, envying the lucky pedaler who was going to cross the line first.

The big day came and young Taylor took his place among the excited spectators. Suddenly his boss had an inspiration. He stepped over and took the boy by the arm: "Come here, young man, you've got to start in this race." Taylor was scared. He had never even seen a bicycle race, to say nothing of riding in one. But he was game, and with tears in his eyes he was shoved off with the limit handicap, 15 minutes.

His boss had persuaded the 13-year-old Taylor to enter by telling him all he had to do was ride up the road a little way just to please the crowd and then come back when he got tired. But Taylor stayed in the



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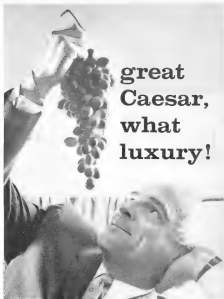
race against dozens of crack riders, and to everyone's astonishment, won it, crossing the finish line with but six seconds of his 15-minute handicap left. He then collapsed in the middle of the road, but the gold medal was his to keep.

That race was the start of Major Taylor's riding career, and after five years of highly successful amateur road and track racing in various parts of the country, he turned professional and made his debut in the old Madison Square Garden. In a half-mile meet prior to the annual six-day race Taylor won his first cash prize, and almost lapped the field as well. Failing to hear the bell for the last lap, he tore around three more times, winning the \$200 purse the hard way. At midnight he entered the six-day grind. That was in the days when it was each man for himself, eating, resting as best he could, and even falling asleep on his wheel. At that point, a rider would be awakened by a dash of cold water in the face, or would be carried off by his trainer to be dumped on a cot for a short nap. Taylor finished eighth, with 1,787 miles to his credit, an exceptional feat for a sprinter. In performing this tour de force he demonstrated his extraordinary versatility.

In 1897, the first year that Taylor was eligible for the National Circuit races, racing events were under the control of the League of American Wheelmen. Though Taylor's right to ride at every track in the circuit was legitimate in every way, his entry was turned down by the promoters of all the southern tracks. In 1898, midway in the season, most of the riders revolted against what they considered the dictatorial attitude of the LAW. They formed the American Racing Cyclists' Union, which later became the National Cycling Association. That year there was such a modiste that the national championship never was settled to the satisfaction of all.

In spite of cliques among certain white riders, who ganged up on him in teamwork, picketing, elbowing and riding him wide on the turns, Taylor won major championships in 1899 and 1900. But the battle to win under these conditions was an ordeal he didn't feel like repeating. Taylor decided to try his luck on European and Australian tracks, where he felt he would get a better break from his

continued



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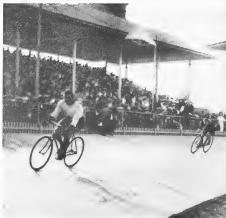
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FASTEST MAN *mentioned*

opponents. In part, his anticipations were justified, though he did stir up some hostile feeling when he beat such country's best riders.

HE BEAT THEM ALL

France had her "invincible" Jacquelin and later Poulsen, Denmark her Elkgaard, Holland her Meyers, Belgium her Grogna, England her Jenkins, Switzerland her Gougoltz, Germany her Arend; but they all fell before the terrific jump of the boy from Indianapolis. In many races, it seemed impossible for him to get up in time, yet he would come through in the last few yards. He revelled in hairline finishes, which was one of the reasons for his great popularity with fans. His American and European triumphs were repeated in Australia, where he defeated one of the world's greatest racers, Don Walker.

Taylor, of course, was not unbeatable. He had his defeats as well as his victories. And he was not above doing a bit of elbowing himself, at which he was very clever. He claimed he employed this nimble maneuver

only in self-defense. Taylor needed it badly at times, for he was one of the most daring riders on the track. Perhaps he had to take greater risks than his white rivals or be left in the dust. He was also accused of jumping through on the pole with the slimmest possible chance of getting by without a spill. In such pinches, his trick riding ability was a lifesaver. Taylor's superb physique and his rigorous system of training enabled him to keep in perfect condition throughout an entire season of racing. He attributed his ability to transmit every ounce of energy into propelling himself and his mount at maximum speed over a given distance to his scientifically correct position on the wheel, and the perfect coordination he maintained between man and machine. The system of leverage he worked out was worthy of an engineer.

Because of religious scruples, Major Taylor refused to ride on Sunday. In Europe and the U.S., in particular, this was a considerable handicap, since Sunday was the big day at most bicycle tracks. Taylor was just as meticulous about his personal habits.



BEFORE 35,000 FANS AT SYDNEY IN 1902

He was a total abstainer, from tobacco as well as liquor.

One of this great, clean-living athlete's proudest moments came when Teddy Roosevelt grasped his hand and exclaimed: "Major Taylor, I am always delighted to shake the hand of any man who has accomplished something worthwhile in life, and particularly a champion. . . . I was especially pleased and interested while you were racing abroad, defeating all the foreign champions, and carrying the Stars and Stripes to victory."

In 1910, Major Taylor retired from bicycle racing. Except for one brief comeback attempt six years later (he won an Old Timers' race in New Jersey), he never rode again. Taylor settled down in Worcester, Mass., and became a real estate broker. His interests shifted from bikes to automobiles, and in his spare time, he invented various types of shock absorbers. In 1932, at the age of 54, Major Taylor died from a heart ailment, developed during those tumultuous years when he was the world's fastest bicycle rider.

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